



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

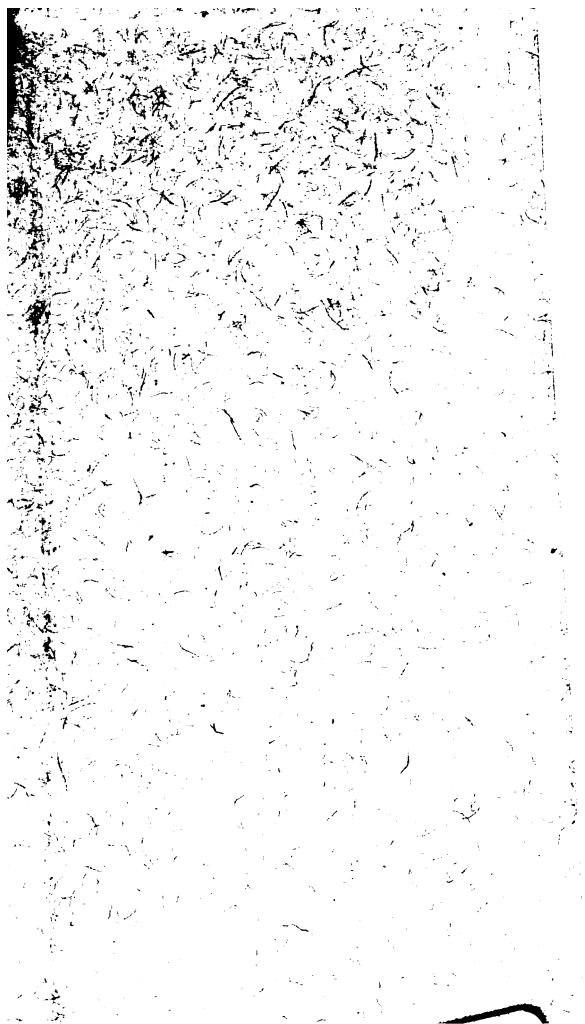
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07487898 8



Lucas  
NCW











FRONTISPIECE.



*Engraved by W. Smith, Sculpsit.*

THE  
DUELLISTS;  
OR,  
MEN OF HONOUR:  
A Story;

CALCULATED TO SHEW THE FOLLY, EXTRAVAGANCE, AND  
SIN OF DUELLING.

---

By WILLIAM LUCAS.

---

..... "O! what are these,  
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
Inhumanly to man, and multiply,  
Ten thousandfold, the sin of him who slew  
His brother!"

MILTON,

---

Albion Press printers:

PUBLISHED BY J. CUNDEE, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW;  
WILLIAMS AND SMITH, NO. 12, AND W. BENTLEY,  
NO. 2, STATIONERS' - COURT; AND  
C. CHAPPEL, FALMALL.

---

1805.

THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
286683A  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
R 1926 L

---

## PREFACE.

---

DID vice appear abroad in her naked deformity, her baneful influence might be confined within a narrow sphere. Her shameless front would then be reared in vain, and man would only look upon her to abhor her : but, when she attires herself in a specious garb, the world is deluded, and her contagion spreads in every direction. Thus she teaches, that revenge is honour, and murder, justice; and many has she persuaded, that *duelling* is a virtue. It is,

however, the province of Truth, to point out her snaky form beneath the glittering disguise, and bid the unheeding multitude beware.

WHEN principles result from the opinion of man, they must ever fluctuate, because his opinions are in constant agitation: nothing dependant upon human nature being stable. He, therefore, who seeks to improve others, must not rest his hopes on his own powers, lest another, more ingenious than himself, should oppose, and utterly subvert his arguments. This, experience has taught us frequently to be the case, and we have known subjects the most weighty, which one man had established, overthrown by another:

v

each opinion derived from human reason triumphing in its turn. The reason of man, indeed, can never give permanency to its doctrines, because, like himself, it is fallible. In vain he gilds it over with his eloquence. Time robs the gilding of its lustre, and it attracts no more. He who alone can fix the human heart is GOD. His word then should be the standard of our hopes, the soul of our persuasion. To this I have had recourse, and among my humble leaves will be found many a blooming flower of paradise. Unhappily there are those to whom they ever prove offensive. They reject them as swine would pearls to pursue their sensual meal; while the Christian stops at them to enjoy their beauty and their



to thee," said he, "in the name of the LORD OF HOSTS," and hurled destruction on his foe!—Where is the modern *duellist*, who can presume to go in that name, or who can hope a blessing on his cause?—His cause!—what is his cause?—The cause of Vanity, led on by Temerity, and sanctioned by Folly!—The truth spoken of a worthless woman—the quarrelling of two dogs—the being jostled in a crowd, or gazed upon, are incentives to challenges which terminate in death! They seek occasion of offence, and fight *duels* to become heroes! O, shame to the age! when Englishmen, to gain a name in arms, must turn their deadly weapons on *each other*.



DUELLING originated in the middle centuries, during the feudal system; when the laws were imperfectly established, and partially administered; in the ages of darkness and of ignorance, when despotism let loose its reins, and decided only by its passions: of those deformed times was *duelling* the hideous offspring, and worthy of its generation. The age of chivalry succeeded, and a race of single combatants sprung up, called Knights-errant. These were a generous set. Excited by a love of order, and the public good, they went about redressing wrongs. Seeking to ennoble themselves by glorious deeds, they excelled in virtue as they did in arms. Their valour awed the tyranny of power, and checked its lawless rage. In them

the defenceless found a guardian, and the oppressed an avenger ; for, where scarcely any law existed, the best resource was a virtuous man. They were bright examples ; the very antithesis to modern duellists, with whom, had they been cotemporary, they would doubtless have waged incessant war.

THE gradual improvement, however, of jurisprudence, rendered them, in the end, unnecessary ; and when the legislative authority became strong enough to restrain the vices of mankind, the knight-errant hung up his shield and lance, and sheathed his sword ; submitting the case of others, and his own, to the wisdom of law. But now, in the nineteenth century, and in England, where

jurisprudence has risen, perhaps, to the very acme of human perfection ; where the poor peasant can arraign the peer before impartial justice, and where right can be obtained in spite of wealth and title, what must be said of the modern *duellist* ?—That he is a savage in the reign of civilization, and a disgrace to the age.

I MAY be taxed with ignorance of what is termed *the nice feelings of honour*.—I am, truly, a stranger to those *nice feelings* that excite to suicide or murder, and, in all such cases, I prefer the simplicity of ignorance to the presumption of error.

DUELLISTS affect to despise death ;

and this they call courage ! But it is a courage that does not distinguish them from brutes : they, likewise, despise death, and from the same reason ;—because they cannot comprehend its danger !

THE duellist, possibly, professes to be a Christian, consequently, to believe on, and to adore, the SON OF GOD, who commands us,—*to forgive* ! What then must we think of him if, obeying revenge or vanity, he spills the blood of his fellow-creature, or his own, at the shrine of human depravity ? The simplest child of Truth will conclude him utterly ignorant of his profession, and a perfect stranger to the PRINCE OF PEACE, whose promises of eternal glory,

and whose threatenings of eternal misery he holds of less consequence than applause or censure of the world, Al-  
 • he considers not, that his *law of honor* will avail him nothing on his exit from this life:—the irrevocable *law of Sin* will then thunder on his guilty soul.

The arguments contained in the following work, I at first intended to introduce in the form of a pamphlet; the use of those only who, in reality it most concerned; but, learning that others had preceded me, and that the laudable efforts had made no impression, although piety and talent had been united far beyond my humble powers, I gave over that, and adopted another plan, by which I might shew to the

unreflecting admirers of *duellists*, how unworthy they were of estimation, and how insignificant they looked when contrasted to true greatness, and thus, by lessening their supporters, lessen their number. I therefore transformed it into a novel, and, in order to excite the attention of those who would deem plain sentiment a laborious task, had recourse to a plot; but so fastidiously have I indulged in this, that I doubt of its possessing sufficient interest for the desired effect. There are two classes of readers; the first only seek instruction, the last only amusement. The one seldom deign to look at novels, wisely considering the most ingenious fictions superfluous, when so many truths, equally interesting, and infinitely more

important, invite their research ; while the other pursue them with an avidity which, considering their general frivolity, and the sacrifice of time they occasion, borders upon madness. The former, I apprehend, will never honour my little book with a perusal ; but the latter will seize upon it as their rightful property. The readers of novels constitute the greater part of the youthful community, (I mean of those who devote their leisure to books ; ) and, with them, a man is not half a hero, unless he is a *duellist*, which they deem a most indispensable essential to a finished gentleman. Among these I hope to take, by surprize, some unwary idlers, who, betrayed by my title, (from which they may anticipate a rich repast of

varied vanities,) will be led, unconsciously, to a few simple truths, where they may learn, that of all heroes, the greatest is a Christian; because, while the honours of others belong only to time, his will flourish in eternity!—Perhaps the novelty will please them: their objects may become changed, and, approving my humble efforts, they will seek richer enjoyments from authors more competent to charm and to instruct. By them, they will rejoice to see Vice stripped of her plumage, and Virtue presented in her native simplicity; the one depressed, the other exalted;—such, at least, is my hope.

It may be objected, that the hero of my volume is too dissimilar to his fellow



man to stand for his example.—"Draw man as he is!" is the cry. But, surely, this position, like many other popular ones, will not stand the test of examination; for, how can man advance in improvement, if he has no superior object to aspire unto, or what can be learned from a being on a level with ourselves. His defects would not shock us, nor would his merits emulate:—deformity would no longer disgust were there no beauty to admire. Besides,—CHRIST WAS A PERFECT MAN, and sent to be our *pattern*!—Under this impression, I have given to my hero a character which I think worthy of imitation; conscious, however, that many will differ from me. The man of the world will consider him an unthriving

being, around whom wealth will never flow, of whom applause will never speak, on whom preferment will never wait. The haughty soldier will despise him,—the daughter of Vanity will mock him.—The former can find no dignity in peace; no glory unconnected with the conflagration of cities, and the groans of slaughtered numbers; the latter can see no beauty in Innocence, no majesty without worldly pomp. But it shall be found, in the end, when TRUTH advances her banner in the sky, and erects her throne, that Peace and Innocence shall alone be crowned with glory and with honour!

---



PERIODICAL WORKS,

Published by

WILLIAMS and SMITH, Stationers'-Court; and JAMES  
CUNDEE, Ivy-Lane, Paternoster-Row.

THE  
UNIVERSAL NAVIGATOR,

AND

*Modern Tourist;*

COMPREHENDING

*Authentic and Circumstantial Narratives*

Of the most interesting

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,

Which have, at various Periods, been undertaken

*TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,*

By Popular NAVIGATORS, CIRCUMNAVIGATORS,  
COMMANDERS, and distinguished TOURISTS;

Including faithful and complete

DESCRIPTIONS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES,

Their Inhabitants, Manners, Buildings, Climate, &c.

*With concise Accounts of every Production of NATURE  
and ART worthy of Notice.*

Interspersed with a great Variety of curious Incidents, Ad-  
ventures, and occasional Remarks; exhibiting a cor-  
rect Delineation of every important Object on

THE FACE OF THE HABITABLE GLOBE.

CONDITIONS:

I. This Work is printed uniformly with the *Mariner's  
Chronicle*, same size and price.

II. Published in Numbers, price 6d. each; containing  
36 Pages of neatly printed Letter-press, on a good Paper,  
and embellished with an interesting Engraving, illustrative  
of some particular Object contained in the Work.

III. In order to make the Purchase as convenient as pos-  
sible, every Ten Numbers comprise a Volume, containing  
360 Pages, and Ten beautiful Engravings; each Volume  
will form a separate Work, and may either be continued or  
not, at the option of the Reader.

IV. The First Number was published on the First Day  
of June, 1805, commencing with the very interesting Ac-  
counts of the Voyages of the MISSIONARY SHIP DUFF,  
commanded by Captain JAMES WILSON, and enriched  
with two fine Engravings.

*Now publishing in Weekly Numbers,*  
Handsomely printed in Demy Octavo, on a large and elegant Type, cast for the purpose,

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH,

OF

**A NEW AND CORRECT EDITION**

OF THE

**COMPLETE WORKS**

OF THE LATE

**REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.**

---

*To the Christian World.*

THE Proprietors of the New Edition of Dr. WATTS'S Practical Works having been solicited by many Subscribers to make his Works complete, take this opportunity to inform their Friends, that Subscriptions for that effect will be received by the Publishers.

The whole of the Doctor's Works, on the same bold Type as the Sermons, it is computed will make Ten handsome Volumes in Octavo, comprising about Eighty Weekly Numbers, at 1s. each, fifteen of which are already published, and may be had one or more at a time; a few Copies are printed with the best Ink, on Royal Paper, and hot-pressed, being the most beautiful Edition ever published. To which will be prefixed, an elegant Portrait of the Doctor, with his Life by Drs. Gibbens and Johnson, with a Selection of his Letters.

N. B. Those who chuse may still have the Practical Works only, and be accommodated also with the Life and Portrait to prefix to the First Volume.

---

Elegantly printed in small Octavo, and enriched with a beautifully engraved Emblematic Frontispiece, from an original Design, price 5s. in boards,

THE

**CHRISTIAN MIRROR;**

EXHIBITING

**SOME OF THE EXCELLENCIES AND DEFECTS**

OF THE

**RELIGIOUS WORLD.**

CONTAINING

*Various Essays in Prose and Verse.*

---

*Shapton*

---

---

THE  
DUELLIST.

§c. §c.

---

---

CHAP. I.

---

---

A diurnal Scene—A Character—Picture of Nature—Reflections—An Alarm—The Duel—The Address—Man of Honour—Contrasted Sentiments—Impatient Revenge—The Rebuke—The Explanation—Modern Gallantry—The Curse—Proffer accepted—The Separation.

---

THE sun had risen—the shades of night had fled before him—and the wide hemisphere was filled with the glory of his beams, when Mr. Barclay left the peaceful chamber of sleep and came abroad to hail the day.—He was a Christian!—a sacred character; which

the tongue frequently professes, while the heart prophanes. Mr. Barclay in believing on his God, adored him; and, adoring, he confessed him. He cast his eyes around—the sheep were grazing on the meadow—the fields were ripening to the harvest—and the adjoining grove re-echoed to the melody of its resident songsters!

“How lovely is this scene!” said he, “the beauty of spring and the fulness of autumn seem here combined. But, alas! it must change!—Ye bleating innocents shall cease to sport!—Hushed shall be your song, ye winged tribe!—This earth shall be disrobed of all its charms!—and thou, resplendent sun, whose vital heat and streaming light give life and beauty to all around, shalt be no more!—Not so with thee, O man! thy soul shall live for ever!—Immortal soul!—One day of endless

bliss awaits thee, or one long night of never-ending woe!—Awake, O my soul!—Arise to meet thy God!—‘He shall shew thee the paths of life: in his presence is the fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore.’”

Mr. Barclay stood rapt in adoration, when the report from pistols reached his ear. It came from the next inclosure, whither he instantly hastened. On arriving there, he beheld four men; two of whom were pointing their fatal weapons at each other, in act to fire, while the others stood by. One of the former was an aged person, on whose pallid cheeks were alternately depicted deep grief and insatiate revenge; the other was a young military officer, of an elegant appearance, and whose features were in perfect apathy.



"Cease, countrymen! brothers!" exclaimed Mr. Barclay, "O cease this bloody purpose!"

"An affair of honour, good Sir," said the officer.

"The word will not be known at the throne of eternal justice," said Mr. Barclay.

"We live and die upon its rules," replied the other.

"The light of truth will not admit them," returned Mr. Barclay, "and the darkness of hell will envelope them for ever."

"Stranger," said the soldier, "we have been trained in honour's school; her mandates we hold sacred, and her laws inviolate; we are taught to smile at danger, and to condemn death."

"I know of no law," said Mr. Barclay, "that should abrogate that of God, which says, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' and whatever other tribunals may determine upon duelling, it will be murder at that of thy creator. Thy honour teach thee to condemn death? O, foolish man! thy honour is a cheat—it never told thee what death was; thy gaudy idol hath dazzled thy senses, and hidden from thee the awfulness of eternity."

"The world, my gentle Sir," said the other, "the world will not hear these things."

"The world!" responded Mr. Barclay, "what is the world, in this, better than a brutal mob, delighting itself in the quarrel of two children, whom it urges to mutual acts of cruelty in order to glut its ferocious nature."

And how abject is the man who, fettering himself with the world, thus servilely complies with its preposterous customs, from the fear of its rebuke; and yet can dare the anger of Omnipotence!—Sir, Sir, it is a dastard mind that cannot sustain the mockery of the world!—child-like, the ridicule of thy playmates has more force with thee than the admonitions of a parent. And the world too!—dost thou not wrong the better part of it?—When did the world commit life into thy care?—Do the laws of thy honour annul the laws of thy native land?—The duellist who becomes the umpire of himself, and rears his pseudo-honour o'er his country's justice, is a foul blot upon her healthful constitution;—he would disorganize her frame, and scatter it to ruins;—he is a traitor to his king—a rebel to his God!”

"You have said too much, Sir," interrupted the officer, "you are destitute of honour! I feel ashamed at listening to you so long."

"And shame," rejoined Mr. Barclay, "shame on that man who is ashamed of truth."

"Come," said the elder duellist, "we have been interrupted too long—let us proceed."

"Unhappy old man!" exclaimed Mr. Barclay, "hast thou found this life too long? Will blood become those whited locks? say, will immensity find thee a hiding-place from an offended God?"

"Young man," said he, "thy heart is calm, and thou canst talk of peace; mine is shaken by a storm of ills, which can only be allayed by blood!"

"Alas! by blood!"

"Yes—the blood of that seducer!"

"Seducer of whom?"

"My daughter!—Come," co he, re-pointing his pistol at h onist, "no more delay."

"I am ready, Sir," said the

The old man then fired; but tent from passion, his ball pa adversary devoid of harm. T dier discharged his weapon in t

"Why do you mock me?" d ed the old man.

"I do not mock you, Sir," the other, "I stand here agree

your command. The law of honour does not oblige me to take away your life, which I could do with ease: my skill is known to my friends."

"Then I will leave you," said the aggrieved father, "and may remorse overtake and dwell with you for ever!"

"Your favours, sir," returned the other, "are very permanent."

Mr. Barclay now requested permission of the old gentleman to accompany him home.

"I know not why," said he, "we are strangers. What is the motive?"

"To administer consolation to thy afflicted heart?"

"By what means?"

“ By speaking peace to it.”

“ Alas!” returned he, “ my peace is blasted!—gone for ever!”

“ I will hope to restore it.”

“ Come then,” said he, and taking him by the hand, “ thou shalt be my friend!”

The officer now approached Mr. Barclay, and demanded his address. On which he presented him his card, when they separated; the officer and his companion by themselves, while the old gentleman, his second, and Mr. Barclay, walked on till they came to a post-chaise in waiting, which they entered, and immediately drove off.

---

---



---

## *CHAP. II.*

---



---

Argument on Duelling—Opinions upon Seconds  
 —Plea for Duelling rejected—Duellists mere  
 Slaves of the World's opinion—Incompatible  
 with religion—Customs of the World—Murder  
 defined—Incentives to Duelling—Satisfaction  
 defined—Perverted reasoning exposed—Further  
 motives to Duelling found insufficient  
 to actuate a wise Man—Stability of Virtue.

---

“**HOW** lamentable a subject it is,”  
 said Mr. Barclay, after a few minutes  
 of silence, “that man should suffer his  
 passions to impel him unto acts that may  
 engulf him in misery—a misery which  
 time can never heal, (for time, with him,  
 might cease, and hope be known no  
 longer). But much more lamentable it



is, that men, uninfluenced by passion, can be found to accompany, and, indeed, lead them to destruction."

Mr. Barclay, during the above sentence, had withdrawn his eyes from the old gentleman and fixed them on his second.

"What gentleman," said the last, with a look of reproof, "what gentleman could refuse to accompany his friend to what may prove the last moments of his life?"

"When friendship," said Mr. Barclay, "becomes hostile to the laws of God, it is no longer a virtue, and it ought to be dissolved."

"A second, sir, attends his friend from motives of humanity. He finds his friend resolved to fight: by every ho-

nourable means he seeks a reconciliation; but still the imperious principle cries out for the field—to the field the second attends him; still with the hopes of preventing blood.”

“The principles are wrong,” said Mr. Barclay, “when bent on death, to call in the interference of a friend, and urge him to participate in so great a crime; for it so happens, that the seconds themselves sometimes fight. This seems nothing less than that extravagant folly which existed in ancient France, where the chiefs in any quarrel called in their friends, who, with themselves, engaged in the sanguinary fray, till the best half were left dead upon the field—countryman with countryman. The savage tribes of America, amid all their thirst for blood, have nothing parallel to this.

“But the principals themselves, of

modern times, frequently wish to determine the affair without the shedding of blood, provided they can attain it consistently with honour; therefore do they commit themselves to the guidance of the second, knowing it to be his duty to seek peace.

“ So then an event takes place, which they deem a complete incentive to fight, their honour cannot dispense with blood. Honour, they conceive, must be satiated; yet they are conscious that dispassionate reason, and calm reflection, may procure an innocent termination; to these, however, they deem it ignoble to attend; their honour, it seems, with reason and reflection, being incompatible, and they, blind as their idol, continue to cry aloud for vengeance. Themselves are ashamed to seek a reconciliation, and therefore they call in the aid of others to adjust their mischief. In all this conduct I can

discern nothing superior to that of two wrangling children, whose pettish tempers must be tamed by the authority of a guardian:—the rod, sir, would be a fit instrument for both.”

“ But do you not acknowledge something ingenuous in a person confessing his own insufficiency,, and modestly submitting his case to the care of an impartial person?”

“ Let me ask you, sir, what would you think of a person crying out: ‘ If you do not remove this razor, I will cut my throat?’ ”

“ I would say that he was mad.”

“ And what, pray, is a duellist, who does as much as say: ‘ I will kill that man, or he shall kill me, unless you

prevent us.' Methinks I see a clear analogy to both fool and madman."

"There may be a circumstance in which the duellist will appear less extravagant. Laws, you allow, were framed for the protection of men; to shield them from violence and injury, and, as far as the law goes, it is good. But, an injury may be received to which the established law may prove inadequate: a man, therefore, may not be wrong in doing that justice to himself which the law will not afford him."

"Sir, this argument would tend to the subversion of all law. When a man becomes the judge and justifier of his own wrongs, his decisions would outswell all bounds, and impartial justice would exist no longer; brutal force must then take place of equity, social concord be

dissolved, and anarchy assume the place of order."

"With men refined by education and polite society, this mischief cannot ensue; and there is no apprehension that the common herd of mankind will commence duellists. The laws of honour are meant but to exclude from the circles of the great, any thing offensive to propriety."

"And yet we see what baneful effects your exclusive system produces; for the duellist, although convinced that himself is the aggressor, will yet force his opponent to the field; and while conscience, that silent monitor of the heart, tells him he is wrong, and that a little condescension would insure peace and prevent blood, yet will he persist in his temerity; inexorable as the wolf, unmindful of what may follow; that his

short-lived career may end, and that he may be arraigned before a bar, where far other laws will be cited, than those which led him to the dreadful moment; and all this for fear — of what? — why, that the world should call him coward! Now what a servile homage to the world is here! but the world is his God, at whose unholy shrine he offers up himself a willing sacrifice! ‘O! how suddenly do they consume, perish, and come to a fearful end!’”

“ But there are among them men of more equanimity; persons who will avoid fighting, when they know themselves to be the aggressors; who will, with manly ingenuity, ask pardon of the aggrieved, and who will only appear in the field at his imperious demands. And this is perfectly coinciding with the rules of honour.—Many such men have been, who have possessed the courage of the lion,

with the meekness of the lamb, and who have attracted by the splendor of their public, and the urbanity of their private life, the admiration and esteem of mankind."

"Granted. But, sir, with all their brilliancy, and with all their condescension, they were mere men of the world. Their splendor will grow dim before the light of truth, and their meekness will blush before true charity."

"Not so, Sir. They are men who reverence the cause of God, whose hopes are beyond the grave, and who are not ashamed the world should know it."

"Profane not that hallowed name—insult not his sacred cause, by applying to them the love or professions of a duellist. 'God will not be mocked.'—But I have heard of them, nay, I have



read some of them. Speaking of an affair of honour, one of them says :—‘ If you are the conqueror, express the liveliest sensibility at the misfortune which has forced you to shed the blood of your comrade, [this is, supposing him not to be murdered on the spot,] do not leave him till you have furnished him with every succour in your power to afford.’” A very Mentor he, to his gentle Telemachus. Now what a frigid piece of iniquity is here! This man talks too of religion, and recommends it most strenuously, as an essential to a man of honour. But you who can let religion flow upon your tongue, say—do you acknowledge Christ as your pattern?—can the dazzled senses of bewildered honour imagine the majesty of his holiness! his meekness! his obedience! Do you acknowledge him as your commander? and do you know of one precept from him that favours duelling? ‘ Knowest

thou not this of old, that the triumphing of the wicked is but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heaven, and his head reach up to the clouds, yet he shall perish for ever!— A duellist, and talk of religion! Arch-deacon Paley may have spoken too harshly of the men of honour's code: it may forbid adultery, seduction, dishonesty in the withholding tradesmen's debts; but it admits of murder, and it is, therefore, perfectly incompatible to the pure dictates of religion."

"I do not profess myself an advocate for duelling: I would to heaven it were abolished; but since custom has established it, since it does exist, and since men will fight, I would not dispense with seconds; believing them to be the happy preventers of many a fatal issue."

"So then, sir, you disprove the cus-

tom, yet submit to it. Vice will never banish itself while it has its partisans. What would become of mankind, were one half duellists, and the other seconds? How can you reconcile these inconsistencies? How can you disprove, and yet countenance?"

"There must be some respect paid to the customs of the world, or we cannot claim a title to its regard."

"The world! alas! 'the world is enmity against God.' It is this servile acquiescence to the opinion of the world that nurtures vice. How can it be crushed when virtuous men pass by it with indifference? It was the custom of the world, when the Spartans, to make heroes of their youth, flogged them in the temple of Diana, till their blood streamed upon her altars, and they frequently expired beneath their agonies,

while their mothers stood by to applaud their patience! It was the custom of the world, when the boasted Romans sat in admiration to witness the savage conflicts between man and beasts. And it is the custom of the world, that now, in modern Egypt, her depraved posterity indulge in crimes from which nature revolts! These are the customs of the world! and are such customs to be sanctioned? Your looks imply a negative: why then should you sanction any other crime because the world permits it?

"You mistake me. I do not sanction it."

"Do you admit its criminality?"

"I do."

"Then why not condemn it?—Are you a christian, sir?"

"I hope so."

"Alas; do you only hope so? A christian will no more worship the idol honour of man's erecting, than did the three children of Judah the golden image set up by the Babylonish monarch. A christian, Sir, is no conformist to any custom that the world may oppose to the law of his God; one of which is—'Thou shalt do no murder; and you, doubtless, know what constitutes a murderer. He is thus defined by Lord Coke:—'When a person of sound memory and discretion unlawfully (not the law of honour) killeth any reasonable creature in being, and under the king's peace, with malice aforethought, either express or implied.' You will not deny the intent, though you may the malice propense of a duellist. You must admit that a duellist is a murderer. What man then,

Sir, what christian can be a party in a murder, or the second to a murderer? A christian is the champion of virtue, and will plead her pure cause, and fight her rightful battles, in defiance of the world."

"This is very excellent; but you must not hope to abolish duelling by Religion. Men of honour are not always Christians."

"Yet, you who are a christian can submit yourself to them. 'What has light to do with darkness?' Duellists Christians! No, Sir;—a Christian cannot be a duellist. Passion may prompt him to a momentary crime, but he cannot lie down upon, nor rise from, his pillow with revenge, or with a consent to act in opposition to the command of his Maker. My patience deserts me when I hear of man who,

with all his mighty pride, 'cannot add one cubit to his stature,' dispensing life and death as his own unbridled judgment inclines him. What is he but an empty dilated thing, driven by the breath of vanity; till, at length, a puff of wind arrives which bursts the bubble, and it is seen no longer.—Duellists are indeed, to use the words of a celebrated writer, 'The sons of bluster—the children of noise.'

The old gentleman, who had hitherto sat in silence, and whose mind seemed divided in attention between the arguments of his companion, and his domestic grief, now addressed Mr. Barclay in the following words:—

"Sir, did I not remember the zeal with which you opposed our contest at the first, and judge from thence that your motives are purely benevolent,

should conclude you meant to offend me ; so harshly do you speak of that alternative which my honour has compelled me to adopt. Suffer me, as well as my afflictions will permit, to argue with you on the present theme. Perhaps my wrongs may suggest excuses that your passiveness cannot controvert. I will question you a little.—First, for myself. You behold in me a man rendered wretched. The only solace of my old age was an innocent and lovely daughter. Like the lamb of Nathan, she was my only darling. Peace was in my house, and I desired no more. But a villain has spoiled the scene. My daughter is seduced!—my honour stained!—my peace destroyed! What can restore the innocence of my child, my insulted honour, and my peace of mind ?”

“ God ! old man !” said Mr. Bar-



clay, with a look that bore the severity of virtue, "God can do all these!—Innocence—honour—peace—are in his hands; he is the source of all, and these he can bestow."

The old gentleman was silent awhile, at length he observed, that those blessings could not be restored to him in this life. "Omnipotence himself," said he, cannot undo what is already done: he cannot call back the past and make it present."

"Be careful," said Mr. Barclay, "how you limit the power of the Omnipotent. He who can create, can restore. It is by doubting the wonders of his might that we reject him; and seeking consolation from ourselves, find nothing but despair."

"Nature has given us the means of

self-defence," said the old gentleman, "I have been wounded in the tenderest part, and in acting as I have done, I have but performed my duty. My injury was great, and demanded a great and instant satisfaction."

"Your Creator," returned Mr. Barclay, "never bestowed strength on man for the purpose of revenge. Your conduct could never repair the evil you sustained, and I do not understand what you mean by satisfaction."

"By satisfaction I mean a full atonement for the wrong received. Am I, the tormented, to remain in anguish, while my tormentor walks at ease? It is just that he should either restore me the happiness he has robbed me of, or else undergo a punishment whose pangs shall equal mine. If this cannot be done, he should not live in triumph.

He should expiate his crime by death !  
—This is satisfaction.”

“ But how, if you yourself should die?”

“ Then I am freed from shame. The world will approve my conduct, and honour my last deed.”

“ The world will approve ! alas ! for them whose glory is the world !—Here seems in all this a shadow without a substance—solid wisdom is not found in it. True honour and true virtue are insusceptible of disgrace ; a stain cannot rest upon the one, nor shame attach itself to the other. While your own conduct is irreproachable, how can the baseness of another fix itself upon, and adhere to you ?—Shame is the offspring of guilt : the guilty alone are the objects of shame. How can

your virtue bear the ignominy of another's vice?—Will the world, bad as it is, admit of this? I cannot comprehend why you should insist on bearing the disgrace of a villain. If a loathsome and diseased wretch breathe on me his pestilential breath, the baneful effects of which my health resists and overcomes, must I go and tell the world that I have caught the foul contagion? and though my pulse beat regularly, insist on opposing my life to that of the detested object, in order to terminate or charm away the imagined evil?—Pure virtue, Sir, is as the polished mirror, immaculate: the breath of calumny cannot remain upon it, nor the deformity of vice stand unabashed before it.”

“ What will you say in the case of a husband who finds himself dishonoured in his wife, and the children of his

love made the objects of his doubts and hatred?"

"I would, as in every other such event, have recourse to the laws of my country, in order to hold up to public shame and punishment the vile disturber. The abhorrence of all good men would be upon him, and if the base should countenance him, his shame is doubled. But must I oppose my life to that of a villain, and give him, perhaps, the double triumph of murder and seduction?—With regard to my own sufferings, I should not, I hope, seek to terminate them by sacrificing my eternal peace."

"But the obtruder on your happiness is all this time enjoying himself at large:—his unequal punishment is soon forgotten—the censure of the virtuous is no pain to him—he laugh

amid the circle of his companions, and is happy."

"To happiness," said Mr. Barclay, "such men are ever strangers. Let him laugh his short-lived reign away; let his repeated draughts o'erwhelm his accusing conscience: let him parade in the gay assembly; he still descends, and sinks at last in utter ruin, 'where their worm dieth not, and where their fire is not quenched.'"

"I know not what to make of you," said the old gentleman, "this serenity of temper in you may arise from a frigidity of constitution, which no man but yourself possesses."

"I possess," said Mr. Barclay, "the temper of a man whose joy is fixed upon so firm a base, that the storms of life cannot destroy it. The winds may

chill it, but they cannot bear it away;  
I may weep, but I cannot be unhappy.  
I possess, Sir, the spirit of a Christian."

"Then art thou blessed already," said  
the other.

"Even so may you be," returned  
Mr. Barclay.

---

---

*CHAP. III.*

---

The Journey's End—The Subject of the Duel—  
A Father's Reproach—The Hope—Reproof of  
Sorrow—Happiness defined—The Alarm—  
Innocence attacked—The Simile—The dawn-  
ing of Peace.

---

THE carriage now stopped at the gate of a neat mansion, of moderate size, with a grass-plot before it, and a few trees to intercept the oppressive rays of the sun.

“This is my home,” said the old gentleman with a sigh.

A youth in livery came forth to receive his master, who alighted with his



companions, and conducted them into his breakfast - room. Mr. Barclay approached the windows—they looked into a garden at the back of the house. The beauties of nature were there arranged by the hand of art, and taste seemed to preside over the whole. He had but just glanced on the scene, when his attention was attracted by the appearance of a young female, followed by an animal he at first guessed to be a dog, but which, on minuter inspection, proved to be a house-lamb, whose fleece might have vied with the snow of the Andes. The attire of the female was so simple and plain, that the eye of an external observer would have passed the form which it enveloped, but Mr. Barclay was not an external observer;—he discovered a person whose delicacy and movements shewed the effects of indulgent care. Her countenance was too clouded with

sorrow to give the natural character of the heart;—it, however, proved sufficiently that *she* was the fallen fair.

“See, my daughter,” said the old gentleman, addressing himself to Mr. Barclay, “once lovely in her vestal youth!—and see yon lamb that follows—the pure emblem of unspotted innocence. Look how its woolly whiteness and unconscious gaze seem to mock the aberring conduct of its mistress!—Poor simple fool!—Why dost thou not fly her presence?—And thou, O wretched girl! how canst thou fondle that, whose every touch and look must fill thee with reproach!” The young lady had caressed her companion during her father’s ejaculatory sentence. “Come,” resumed he, “let us look no more on violation; the subject is for me too melancholy, for you too unworthy.”

"Will your daughter join us?" demanded Mr. Barclay.

"No," said the father, "she, like the wounded roe, shuns all society."

"Miss Julia, my dear Mr. Stanway," said the second, while they took their seats at the breakfast table, already spread for them, "Miss Julia is still lovely—a short lapse of time may obliterate this seeming evil, and all may yet be well."

"Seeming! Mr. Wilson," said the old gentleman, "Ah! my friend! can you see my daughter deflowered—myself dishonoured—my prospects vanished—my heart torn with anguish—and call all this a seeming evil?—If you mean to console me, do not mock me with fallacious hopes—my happiness is lost for ever!"

“What is happiness?” demanded Mr. Barclay, “whence its source?—on whom bestowed?”

“Aye, tell me that,” said the weeping parent, “I’ll not object to hear of what I’ve lost. Tell me what is happiness—whence its source, on whom bestowed?”

“Happiness,” answered Mr. Barclay, “in this life, is the certainty of future good; no perplexing doubts can dwell with it; it rises above evil; and, as the towering eagle beats its strong pinions towards the sun, so does the happy mind amount to glory. Its source is from God, and it is bestowed on all the children of his love.”

A considerable silence ensued, which was interrupted by Mr. Wilson’s demanding, “May we not be filled with

the hopes of future good, (of course you mean the good of hereafter) and yet be so oppressed by present ills, as to be truly unhappy; or, in other words, exempt from happiness?"

"Whoever believes in eternal life, and God who gives it," said Mr. Barclay, "can never suffer the transient evils of this nether world to banish his happiness; they may divert him from it for a season, but he still retains it. He compares eternity to time, and is restored.—He believes in God, and cannot forget him."

"O! fountain of truth and justice!" exclaimed Mr. Stanway, "restore my broken peace!—he can—he can; and, perhaps, he will do it."

"You know," said Mr. Wilson, "that Mr. Freeman, the author of your suf-

ferings, loves your daughter. What if the disposer of hearts should make him repent, and cause him to make reparation by marriage."

"O! name it not," said Mr. Stanway, "let me not hold the pleasing thought, lest its delusion should render me more wretched."

"Why," said Mr. Barclay, "do you cast all consolation from you, and nurse the corroding poison of your grief? The hearts of all men are in the power of Omnipotence: how easily can he bend them to his will. But does the soldier indeed love her? Your friend is right; all may yet end happily."

At this moment a loud scream from the garden roused them. "It is Julia!" said the father, who hastened to her with his companions. The youthful agility

and benevolent zeal of Mr. Barclay made him outfly the others, and he was first in the presence of Julia.

"See, see!" exclaimed the affrighted girl, unconscious whom she addressed, and pointed to her lamb. Mr. Barclay looked on the hapless victim, and saw it trembling with agony, from the bite of a large serpent, that had fastened on its neck. He instantly seized the noxious savage in his hand, and tearing it from its hold, threw it beyond the boundaries of the garden. Part of the flesh, with its wool, was torn away; but the lamb was safe, and Julia rejoiced. She looked a thank, then snatched her favourite in her arms, and retreated in silence to the house.

The old gentleman and Mr. Wilson had reached the spot in time to witness the transaction. "How will this day

end?" said the first, addressing himself to Mr. Barclay, "thou commencedst it with the office of peace—thou hast now rescued a lamb from a serpent: delightful task!—what next will follow?"

"Why, what a lesson has Providence shewn us here," said Mr. Barclay, "the lamb has been bitten by the serpent! yet who will regard the lamb the less?—Say, man of honour, do you condemn the serpent, or the lamb?—Is the lamb despised because the serpent is vicious?"

"This is, indeed," said Mr. Stanway, "a lesson given by Providence to me, and well thou dost apply it. I will get it by heart, and never lose it. Come, my young and ever welcome friend, I feel a ray of joy enlighten me, and dissipate my gloom. Come, let us finish our repast, and talk again of happiness!" The old gentleman had taken



Mr. Barclay by the hand, and they now returned to their breakfast.

The company of Mr. Barclay became so agreeable to his host, that he requested his finishing the day with him, and his promise of another early visit, to both of which he assented. His conversation had, as he proposed, proved consolatory to his new friend. Passion had ceased to act upon his heart, and had given room to reflection. He saw clearly the error of his conduct: he no longer approved of duelling; nor was his second any more its advocate.

The evening approaching, Mr. Barclay rose to depart, when Mr. Stanway desired his servant to prepare the chariot, to convey him to town; but a stage passing the house, the former declined the offer, and taking advantage of that, soon reached the streets of London.

---

---

*CHAP. IV.*

---

A brief History—the Widow and Orphan—the Impulse of Charity—the Watch—the Consequence of Duelling—silent Eloquence of Gratitude—the parting Gaze—the Sigh—Revolving Thought—Exclamation to Charity.

---

**MR.** Barclay resided at a village a short distance from London. He was a single man, - in his thirtieth year, and lived upon a patrimony producing three hundred and fifty pounds per annum. This was the remains of a rich inheritance, shattered by an extravagant father, now no more. The only servant he kept was a lad, in a livery so destitute of shew, that its wearer might even forget he were a dependent. To obviate the

*And his My dear Minnie*  
*in my St. Barry -*  
46  
trouble of house-keeping, he boarded  
and lodged with a contented couple,  
who had retired from business.

On alighting, he proceeded on foot to  
a further part of the town, in order to  
take another stage, which should convey  
him home.

Pursuing his way, in meditation on  
the preceding events, his thoughts were  
interrupted by the voice of a female,  
whom he had observed to issue from a  
pawnbroker's. "Ah, my child!" said  
she, to a little boy about five years old,  
whose hand she held, "this poor sum  
will not outlast the morrow, and then!—  
and then, you may cry to me for bread!"  
The melody of the tone might have  
charmed the most callous ear, but  
heightened by the eloquence of sorrow,  
the most obdurate heart must have  
melted at it.

“Stop!” said Mr. Barclay, seizing her by the hand, with all the fervour of benevolence, “stop, O child of mourning! whosoever thou art, and let me be thy friend!”

“My friend!” exclaimed she, “a stranger be my friend!” and burst into tears.

“What can I do for you?” demanded Mr. Barclay.

“What can I ask of you?” returned the other, “you are a stranger!”

“But not, therefore, to be rejected. The stranger oft precedes the friend: That very child was once a stranger to you. Consider me as one sent by the Almighty to assist you. Indeed he has commissioned me to be the happy means of conveying his bounty to you. Let not

a false delicacy bias you. I heard you address that little boy: the short sentence contained a volume of persuasion! You are unfortunate, and I must be your friend!"

"I believe I am unfortunate, sir," said she, "I am a widow—this only child depends upon me; and we have almost wanted bread!"

"You have not quite wanted it?" said Mr. Barclay, in hasty accents.

"Thank my God! not quite!" returned she.

"Why there it is!" replied Mr. Barclay, in triumph, "does he not say, 'Leave your fatherless children, and let your widows trust in me. I will never leave them, nor forsake them!'"

Mr. Barclay had applied his hand to his purse, but thought its contents too trivial. "Wait a moment," said he to the widow, and hurried into the pawnbroker's. He there produced his watch, and demanded five guineas upon it. It was a gold repeater, the last present from his mother, save her blessing; and it had cost thirty guineas. The shopman proceeded to examine it. "Be brief, my friend," said Mr. Barclay, "I would not sell it for an hundred!" The man immediately presented him a duplicate, with the money, and Mr. Barclay then hastened to the widow.

"There," said he, placing his bounty in her hand, "this *will* outlast the morrow, and the day beyond to-morrow may provide a fresh supply!"

The widow strove to thank him; but

not a word!—not a word could she utter.

“ I shall see you again, madam,” said he, “ tell me your name.”

“ Mountain,” said she, scarcely able to articulate. “ My husband was a surgeon of the army—he was killed upon the continent in a duel, leaving myself, and this hapless boy, then an infant at my breast, to struggle with the world !”

“ Favour me with your address,” said Mr. Barclay.

She told it him, and he, with his pen-oil, inserted it in his pocket-book.

“ Farewell !” said he, “ I will see you again !”

The widow again assayed to thank

him, but grief and commingling joy, as if jealous of their silent eloquence, denied her tongue its office. She courtseyed, and, with her child, walked up another street.

Mr. Barclay stopped, and gazed after her, till the increasing shades of night had obscured her from his view. As before observed, he was not merely an externalist; though, if he had, the subject of this incident was enough to excite his highest admiration. He discerned, beneath an humble attire, a person whose form was elegance, and whose motions grace. Sentiment seemed seated on her eye, and sensibility of mind displayed itself upon her features. When Mr. Barclay had lost sight of her, he seemed to feel a chasm in his peace. "O! my heart!" said he, "what means thy beating?" He now hastened to the stage, and taking his place, was soon



conveyed to his lodging. His servant informed him, that a gentleman had called twice, expressing, each time, a strong desire to see him. He then joined his friends at supper, and having related to them every adventure of the day, except the last, retired to his chamber. "What a volume of incidents," said he, "has this day presented to me:—Man contending for the life of man!—virtue and innocence deserted and forlorn!—Happy thought! that the former are still in the paths of time; that they yet may learn, they are the heirs of eternity.—And, happy thought! that the widow and her orphan may suspend their tears, and smile in hope!—O charity! thou comprehensive good!—thou heaven-born! come rear thy throne on earth, and teach mankind thy peace!"

---

---

*CHAP. V.*


---

The challenge---the Answer---the Reception---  
 true Honour---the Truce---great Minds superior  
 to vulgar Applause---false Opinions exposed---  
 a Coward may be a Duellist---Reparation for  
 Injury---a Soldier's Honour---Puerility of Duel-  
 lists---the Tale revealed---Remorse---the Pe-  
 nitent---the Confession---the Atonement.

---

ON the following morning he arose, and again walked into the fields: a custom in which he always indulged, when the weather was favourable. Returning home to breakfast, he observed his servant conducting a strange gentleman towards him. They were now at hand.

“ This is my master, sir,” said the lad, and retired.

"Your name, sir," said the stranger, with polite address, "is Barclay?"

"It is, sir, answered he, returning his politeness.

"I am commissioned, sir," resumed the stranger, "with the honour of presenting you this letter. I sought you yesterday, without success. You will, therefore, excuse a delay that arose from accident."

Mr. Barclay bowed, accepted the letter, and read as follows:—

"SIR,

*St. James's Place.*

"IN your Quixotic zeal for peace, this morning, you hurled upon me such a war of words, as I cannot, consistently with the principles of a gentleman, and a man of honour, pass over with impunity. I am willing to think they were inadvertent, and will therefore pardon them, if candidly acknowledged. If you deny me this,

you will please to appoint me a time and place, for giving me that satisfaction with which I cannot dispense.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Sir,

“ Your very obedient servant,

“ H. FREEMAN.”

Mr. Barclay had no sooner finished, than, addressing the stranger, he said—  
“ I am to consider you, sir, I presume, as the second, and acquainted with every particular?

“ Exactly so, sir,” returned the other.

“ Then, sir,” resumed Mr. Barclay, “ you will please to consider me as a perfect novice in this matter. Your kindness, therefore, must excuse what you may observe defective in me. You will present my compliments to Mr. Freeman, and say—That if I beg his pardon, it will be acknowledging myself to be an

aggressor, which, as I am not conscious of, I cannot descend to. Truth forbids me! On the other hand, if he convince me that I have wronged him, I shall rejoice to atone for it. And, with regard to the satisfaction he so imperatively demands, ~~on~~ that I am firmly determined. Tell him, that I request permission to visit him this morning, at his house, where I will be by twelve o'clock. In the mean time, sir, I invite you to refresh yourself by breakfasting with me."

The stranger politely declined the offer, observing, that delay, in these cases, was a breach of duty. He further informed him, that his servant was waiting for him, with his horse, just by. They then walked together, till arriving at the village, they bade good morning, and parted.

"Rash, unheeding youth!" said Mr.

Barclay, reading the challenge a second time, "is thy soul so little worth thy care, that thou wouldst launch it with frontless temerity, blood-stained, before the holy throne of thy Creator, and imprecate his awful justice?"

Mr. Barclay prepared himself in time, and taking the stage, arrived in town, and was at the house of his challenger by the appointed hour. He knocked, and the door was opened by a man in splendid livery, of whom he enquired for Mr. Freeman. "My master is above, Sir," replied the servant. Mr. Barclay gave his name, and was, without further ceremony, ushered into an elegant drawing-room, where Mr. Freeman sat alone. He arose to receive his visitant with much politeness, presented him a chair, and bade him be seated.

"I would have you, Sir," said Mr. Barclay, "attune yourself to peace; my words shall be of peace; and this interview, I hope, will be closed in peace. A novel commencement this, you will say, from a challenged to his challenger! — But what a wretched theorist must you deem me, to imagine that I would deface myself with blood, whether instigated by revenge, or persuaded by what is termed the laws of honour. I, Sir, have honour too; an honour I will not immolate at the shrine of vanity or of the world!"

"Your honour," said the soldier, "is, I imagine, as peculiar as your sentiments. Whence, pray, is your honour?"

"From a source so pure," returned Mr. Barclay, "that the unhallowed tongue of defamation cannot shame it

back; the strength of man cannot overthrow it, neither can their contumely make it blush; I have it, Sir, from God. He gives us life, and honour is his bounty too!"

"Are you sure, Sir," said the officer, "that these professions are not a bank thrown up by cowardice, to hide its fears behind?"

"The fear of what?" demanded Mr. Barclay.

"Of death," returned the other.

"Of death! O! how little do you know a Christian. Death is to him, the beginning of life; a life, indeed, of ever-blooming honour; and never-setting glory. For we know, 'that when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!'"



"If," said the officer, "I could read your heart, as easily as I can hear your words, and could I be persuaded that you were sincere, I should much respect you. But there is much hypocrisy in Christians."

"Say not in Christians," returned Mr. Barclay, "hypocrisy dwells not *in* them, it may *among* them. Hypocrites, are found in their societies; it is a proof that truth exists there; for wherever she erects her pure altar, there will hypocrisy kneel. One only can pierce its strong disguise, and he will both judge and punish!"

"Come," exclaimed Mr. Freeman, "I will be ingenuous. I cannot resist the apparent goodness of your nature; I believe you to be sincere, nor do I suspect your courage. I will forego my challenge and sacrifice punctilio for

once. Our opinions are both strong and greatly contrasted; and as you have condescended to advance your banners of peace, I will meet you half way: we will be as much friends as our different principles will admit. You really appear so happy in yours, that, were it not repugnant to the rules of honour, I would be a Christian myself. But christianity; O! it bids us submit to an insult!"

"It teaches you to *conquer* it!" said Mr. Barclay, "the actions of the insulter are his own. They are the palpable index to his depraved mind, and cannot attach to you. You triumph over him when you pity them."

"What," said the soldier, "would you submit to a blow! bear it in passive insensibility, and suffer a ruffian to

proceed in violence without resisting him?"

No; if I am assaulted, I will defend myself, and obey the impulse of nature that excites to self-defence. If a man draw his sword upon me, I will draw one too, in the same manner as I would secure myself from the rage of a wolf. But I will not, for an offence gone by, carry rancour in my breast, and, like a blood-hound, hunt down the life of a man, or, like a scorpion, turn my sting upon myself, when I may find a redress by other means; or terminate in peace that which commenced in enmity. Man boasts of his reason: 'tis the distinction, he says, between himself and beasts; and yet he suffers this reason to fall subservient, to that which governs beasts—Passion! and like a beast, he will rush upon his fellow and worry

him. What is his reason worth, if its strength withers from every blast of passion? No, if the unruly hand of any one obstruct my way, I will resist till it be pinioned by the law of my country."

"We cannot always, Sir, wait the tedious, and frequently unequal decision of that—heavens! what gentleman can tamely bear an insult?"

"Many gentlemen have," said Mr. Barclay.

"Name the man of honour who ever stooped to so base a violation," said the other, impatiently.

"I will not propose to you for an example the Grecian philosopher, lest you should reject him as a man of honour. He, on receiving a blow upon the head, observed: that it was a pity

man did not know when to put on a helmet. But, I will recount to you those allowed by soldiers, to be the fairest patterns of their honour. Marshal Turenne being in a box at the theatre, some gentlemen came in, who not knowing him, would insist upon his resigning his seat, in front, to accommodate them. On his refusal, they seized his hat and gloves, and flung them on the stage. The marshal unmoved by passion, calmly addressed a nobleman of the first rank, desiring him to hand them up to him. The nobleman, while he repeated his name instantly obeyed him, and in a manner that proved him to be proud of the office. The marshal then turned to the hostile strangers, now abashed at their conduct, and with infinite good-humour, observed, that if they would sit close, there was room for them all. Now here you see, was a reproof, a victory, and probably a life

preserved. Next, your own countryman, Sir Walter Raleigh, he, after being indignantly treated by a headstrong youth, received a challenge from him. This he refused. The young man then spit upon him; when the noble knight taking out his handkerchief, said: 'young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience, as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life. The consequence was, that the youth, struck with a sudden sense of his own impropriety, and of Sir Walter's superiority, fell upon his knees and begged forgiveness. Say, could Sir Walter have conquered so nobly by a duel?—Could the young man's death have given such glory to his name?—How noble a character would have been lost, had he fallen in a duel. Gaston, Marquis de Rentz, an illustrious nobleman, would not submit to fight a duel when challenged. He

used to say: there was more true courage and generosity in bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of God, than in requiting it with another:—in suffering, than revenging; because the thing was really more difficult.—Duel-ling appeared so extravagant to Augustus Cæsar, that on receiving a challenge from Mark Antony, to engage him in single combat, he said to the bearer: ‘tell Antony, that if he be weary of life, there are other ways to death than the point of my sword.’—Would not these heroes, think you, have sunken below their dignity, had they ended those incidents in a duel?”

“Modern times would not overlook such conduct,” said the officer, “nor did the former,” said Mr. Barclay, “duelling in the time of Turenne, prevailed to a great degree; for it is recorded of him, that while besieging a

fortified town, he received no less than twelve challenges; none of which he deigned to accept. He was conscious of his own courage, and cared not for the reproof of the world. Fighting, to avoid the reproach of mankind, is indeed a truly feminine weakness: an affrighted coward, who flies even to the cavern of death to hide itself from the scoff of fools!"

"It is impossible to exist," said the soldier, "on such principles as these, were I to refuse a challenge, my brother officers would banish me their society!"

"No evil that," said Mr. Barclay, "to be freed from the shackles of such men; what can a nation hope from soldiers, who thus disregard their articles of war, which expressly forbids the giving and accepting of challenges? How can men, not having learned to obey,



be proper to command? But nothing is more falacious than the principles from which they act. A man accepting a challenge from such incentives, gives no proof of his courage. Fear and shame may contend within his breast, and the latter prove the stronger, and impel him to the fight. Yet, such a man may be totally unfit for the task of war: his faculties may then forsake him, and amid all his confusion, he may remain a mere expletive. We know that the most effeminate minds will sometimes fly to desperate remedies. Thus, women who would faint at a naked sword, have, under the influence of shame, committed suicide, and equalled the boldest Romans."

"Notwithstanding this," said the officer, "courage being a most essential requisite for a soldier, cannot be too often tried, nor too well established."

"I believe" answered Mr. Barclay, "that we all understand the extent of that quality within us. I do not know that practice will augment it. It is hard indeed, if men cannot obtain courage, but by becoming brutes."

"Courage, you allow to be a virtue?"

"Not so," replied Mr. Barclay, "because it is attained by no effort of ourselves. It is like strength, the gift of nature, and the most noxious animals possess it equally with man.—It is a desirable quality, but not a virtue."

"But, with regard to duelling," resumed the soldier, tenacious of his theme, "I think it in some cases unavoidable. I may, perhaps, pass over the insults of a bacchanalian, and yet retain my character. But could you, were you an officer, submit to be stigmatized as a coward?"

"We cannot," returned Mr. Barclay, "close the lips of slander. But must I, if called a coward; although conscious I am not; must I, to stop the humour of a wanton tongue, throw away my life perhaps, and thus deprive my country of the benefit it might derive from my courage? A coward indeed may fight from such motives, to rid himself of his uneasy sensations, but a man of courage should disdain the feeble provocation."

"But if a man find himself offended by me, and I refuse him satisfaction, must I submit to be branded by him, in every company, by the name of coward; see men avoid me as a reproach; the young desert me, and the old despise?"

"If a man pester me thus, I will bind him over to the peace. If his aspersions be false, the world, at least the wisest part of it, will acquit and applaud me."

“And what if I injure a man :—must I deny him satisfaction?”

“No :—if you injure him, and are so just as to repent the injury, repair it by all means; but not by taking away his life, though he insist upon it ever so earnestly, neither by making him a murderer, by sacrificing your own; I would have you repair his injury by being just!”

“The privilege of calling another to the field,” said the soldier, “is, to the man of honour, the noblest defence against the overbearing power of the great. The haughty peer, in awe of that, smoothes his contumelious brow; suppresses the bitter sarcasm of his speech, and checks the passions that his wealth would gratify:—and thus, the moderate gentleman is his equal!”

"The moderate gentleman," said Mr. Barclay, "by having recourse to manly sense, instead of the murderous weapon, would be superior to the proud! whereas, by suffering his feelings to betray him into folly, he sinks beneath him. His passions are then but the sport of his opponent, who estimates the life of others by his own, for the fool knows not the value of his soul till it be freed from mortality.—This argument of yours has been supported by vitiated genius in all the adornments of eloquence:—delusive eloquence, that can pervert the understanding, and make wrong seem right. But in vain may she strew corruption with her flowers. The sun of truth shall wither them, and expose the foul deception!"

"These sentiments," said the soldier, "may become the apathy of a moralist;

but it will never convince a man possessing feeling, whose passions being roused, they will impel him to violence ere they be appeased; and it is but just, that he who raised the storm, should be overwhelmed by it!"

"O! mighty man! what a God wouldst thou make!" exclaimed Mr. Barclay, "thy revenge would swallow up thyself, and all creation with thee!—But, he only is destitute of feeling who, callous to the ties of humanity, locks up his heart against its softening influence, and hurries on to mischief. I am aware that the simple truths of honest men, will prove unable to eradicate vice. Her votaries are too numerous, and, to unstable man, their gilded language will be more successful. I would not suppress the passions of mankind; but happy are they who can bridle them; who can restrain them from

running riot, and make them subservient to the cause of virtue. No, Sir, I have no hope, that my humble efforts can unhinge your opinion. It must be a higher power that can make you ashamed of error, and in love with truth."

"Your ideas," said Mr. Freeman, "are so diametrically opposite to those of all other men with whom I associate, that it is in vain to argue with you.—You are not susceptible of a soldier's honour!"

"Light and darkness," said Mr. Barclay, "are not indeed more contrasted than our opinions:—they are as far asunder as good from evil!—But what, pray, is a soldier's honour?"

"A soldier's honour," returned the other, "is dearer to him than life; for

his life is often sacrificed to it.—It is a glorious name, worshipped by noble deeds; perfectly immaculate, and preserved inviolate.—A soldier's honour is his God!"

"Ah! what a God is thine!" said Mr. Barclay, that will not outlive thyself!—the grave will close upon you both!

"No, Sir," fame may preserve it, and posterity do it homage!

"And what is posterity, but like thyself, the beings of a moment!—they, too, will follow thee to dust. Alas! how poor is thy ambition! I would not rest my glory on the breath of man: my honour pants for life beyond the grave, and worlds beyond the sun! where my fame shall rest upon the everlasting hills! The honour of a soldier!—I fear



it is an idol of his own creating, and nursed by his vanity to such a gigantic size that it outswells his reason ! Honour, Sir, is advenient to man : it is derived from other sources than his own opinion. The honour of a soldier is bestowed by his country or his king."

" Granted, my country supplies it, and my king bestows it."

" How, then, can you dare to transgress those laws which your country has ordained, and your king has sanctioned ? The duellist is hostile to them both, and, by servilely conforming to the customs of the world, in opposition to them, he renders himself impervious to honour. The Romans built a temple which they dedicated to Honour. It adjoined to that of Virtue ; and so ingeniously was it contrived, that to arrive at the for-

---

mer, you must pass through that of the latter. But in modern times, the temple of Vice would be more appropriate."

"I allow," said Mr. Freeman, "that my country and king are the fountain and patron of a soldier's honour; but still, there is another honour, distinct from this, and independant; acting and judging from itself."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barclay, smiling, "you multiply your idols, and advise with each as caprice may direct you, till, like the ancients, you will at length have a God for every separate passion. Look you now, how vain a thing is duelling!—A person accidentally offends you:—your manner of demanding satisfaction is more offensive than his accident; and he, in his turn, expects an apology from you:—you will not submit;—he will not submit:—then,

you will have his life, which perhaps, he is fool enough to risk, and the affair of honour terminates in the everlasting ruin of one, or possibly of you both.—What savage effects from a puerile obstinacy! Now, how sad a thing it is, that a man, perhaps eminently useful to his country; or one on whom a family depends for support, must thus become a traitor to the former, or a base deserter of the last.”

“It is curious, methinks,” said Mr. Freeman, “that a Christian who hopes so much from death, should, yet, be so much in love with life as you appear.”

“The Christian,” returned Mr. Barclay, “wishes every man to live till he be prepared for death. Then death will be a triumph.—The levity of youth may exclaim, a short life and a merry one; but they forget, that at the end of

---

this short life, begins a long eternity; where the voice of mirth will be heard no more."

"Well, then, to close the argument," said the officer, "let the evil of duellists rest upon themselves. The world, at all events, suffers but little from them."

"And are you," said Mr. Barclay, "so enamoured of *self*, as to have no regard for the feeling of your surviving friends?—It was but last night that I met an object, moaning on her way. I heard her complaining to a hapless child, and talk of wanting bread. I addressed her, and bestowed my mite.—She told me her sad tale.—It was brief, yet, full of interest. Her husband had been a surgeon in the army, and had fallen in a duel on the continent."

"His name?" said the soldier, with strong emotion.

**“Mountain!” said Mr. Barclay.**

**“Sacred heaven!”** exclaimed the other, and starting from his seat, **“you have pierced me with remorse!—I am his murderer!”**

**“Mr. Barclay fixed his eyes upon him with reproach; yet mingled with pity. He remained stationary for a time; his countenance transmitting the feelings of his mind. At last he grasped the hand of Mr. Barclay, and exclaimed: “Christian,” I reverence thy virtue! O! thou hast softened my callous heart!—thou hast aroused my dormant conscience!—I am awake, and am a man!—But, ah! how full of guilt!—canst thou admit me to thy friendship?”**

**“Rise!”** said Mr. Barclay, embracing him, and scarcely able to articulate for joy, at his repentance, **“rise, my**

brother! this is indeed a triumph!—  
 now art thou indeed *a man of honour!*  
 —A higher power has now made thee  
 ashamed of error, and in love with  
 truth.”

“ On the continent it was,” said the  
 converted, “ that I deprived Mr. Moun-  
 tain of his life :—his wife of her husband :  
 —his infant of a father ! Grief, Mr. Bar-  
 clay, may have preyed on the fair features  
 of his wife ; but she was then, lovely as  
 the spring’s full blossom, and chaste as  
 she was lovely. My desire prompted  
 me to seduce her ; but as soon might a  
 demon subvert the child of light !—She  
 repulsed my advances with indignant  
 reproof.—Her husband learned my at-  
 tempts, and summoned me to the field.  
 —He called me *coward!* and I could  
 not then resist his daring—Our wea-  
 pons were our swords.—He pressed me  
 so hardly, that I was obliged to act on

the offensive, and in the end, reached his heart.—He fell, and as he expired, uttered a curse upon my head!—Alas! I hear it now! O heaven! avert its horrors!—I deprecate its justice!—Teach me to avoid it. His widow—his child!—they shall be freed from poverty!—I have amply sufficient!—they shall be independant!—You Mr. Barclay, shall be my agent.—This day it shall be done.—I feel myself in love with justice! And Mr. Stanway, too! How can I repair his wrongs?"

"By marrying his daughter!" said Mr. Barclay.

"Alas! said he, "that is a task indeed!—Would you have me wed dishonour?"

"I would have you be *just*!" replied Mr. Barclay; "though the world should

resound with the loud laughter of unfeeling levity.—If she be dishonoured, you are her dishonourer:—be then her restorer. The noblest office of humanity is to raise the fallen.—You yourself, have cast her from the fair throne of simplicity:—replace her there, and reverence it!—Poor girl! she sacrificed all to you!—her person, and her peace!—ennoble the one by union, and you will re-establish the other!”

“ And by my honour,” exclaimed the soldier, “ my new and beauteous honour, I will do it!—I cannot be a loser by restoring what I’ve seized!—This day I devote to justice! To-day all is resolved: to-morrow; all shall be complete:—the widow shall dry her tears, and Julia shall be mine.—Go you and carry the glad tidings!—the happy task becomes you. I will have every thing ready. But, stay: let us prepare them



before you go:—your errand will be more satisfactory.”

He instantly ordered his servant to run to his attorney, and request his immediate attendance. The attorney soon came, when Mr. Freeman, desired him to prepare the title-deeds, of a freehold estate at one hundred and forty pounds rent, in the name of the widow Mountain; also to procure a marriage licence. Things being thus far adjusted, Mr. Freeman, ordered his chariot for the use of Mr. Barclay, to convey him to Mrs. Mountain, and to Mr. Stanway's. Mr. Barclay, at the desire of Mr. Freeman, promised to return to him, and remain at his house till all should be, as he said, complete. He then took his seat in the carriage, and drove off to execute his task.

---

---

*CHAP. VI.*

---

The Change of Fortune—To-morrow—the Subject of Reading---the Return---the Secret divulged---the Postponement.

---

HE soon reached the lodging of the widow. Her apartment was a back room on the second floor. Its furniture was mean and scanty; but clean and in perfect order. He found her employed at needle-work, while her little boy was reading a lesson to her.

She rose to receive her visitant.

“I come to you, Madam,” said he,  
“as I promised, and to exemplify my

proposition, that the day beyond to-morrow might provide a fresh supply. Forgive my reviving to your memory the tender subject; but necessity compels me:—what was the name of the person by whom your husband fell?”

“The melancholy subject, Sir,” said she with a sigh, “is ever present with me!—The name of the person, whose imprudence in giving rise to, and whose rash compliance to my husband’s impetuosity, was Freeman!”

“It is enough!” said Mr. Barclay; he then explained to her the whole story, and concluded by intreating her to be in readiness at nine the following morning, when he would call again, and take her to the house of Mr. Freeman, in order to receive the writing that would put her in possession of the estate.

The widow listened to this relation in silent astonishment, till Mr. Barclay had ceased to speak; when she burst into tears. Her feelings having subsided, so as to admit of utterance, "And, whence," said she, "does this arise? It is like one of those pleasing dreams that mock the repose of weary sorrow; and which, deserting us, leave our hearts in greater anguish from the bitter contrast: such, alas! I have often experienced!"

"And henceforth, deserving woman," said Mr. Barclay, taking her respectfully by the hand, "your past sorrows shall appear but as a vision, from which you are awakened to a happy reality; which like a summer's day, shall pass in peace, and bring you to another still more happy, whereon the night shall never close."

“ Such a day as waits for you,” said she, “ O happy man !—What title shall give you :—what thanks conceive worth your acceptance ?”

“ Your opinion,” returned Mr. Bayley, affected by the gracefulness of her manners, and the glow of her gratitude “ your opinion exceeds my humble merits. Bestow on me the title of friend, and number me among your acquaintances: this will be ample reward.”

“ Indeed, they are poor returns; but the first you have stamped upon yourself, and that generally leads to the last.”

“ Well then, we shall meet again; and every visit, and every happy hour shall be the prelude to another, and thus our friendly converse shall never end.”

"We shall meet again, no doubt, Sir," said the widow.

"Yes, Madam, we shall meet again, and that to-morrow. In the interim, permit me to leave you this for present use: it is necessary, therefore, you must not refuse it." Saying thus, he laid upon the table, a note of thirty pounds, then kissed the child, bowed to its mother, and withdrew.

"Love!" said he to himself, as he descended the stairs, "hast thou commenced thy reign upon my heart?—Well, and I'll not dethrone thee. To-morrow we shall meet again!—To-morrow!" responded he, reproving his unconditional promise,—"to-morrow may never come!—To-morrow, time, may cease to be—to-morrow, this globe, these worlds above our head, with all the vast Creation may be extinguished,

and eternity may commence its reign with man!—All this may be to-morrow!"

Mr. Barclay, re-seated himself in the chariot, and in another hour was at the house of Mr. Stanway. He was ushered up to the drawing-room, where he found the old gentleman reading to his daughter. On his entrance, Julia curtsied, and withdrew.

"Welcome, my friend!" said Mr. Stanway, "I was reading to my child the words of truth!"—The book that lay upon the table, was the Bible.

"Read on," said Mr. Barclay, "and may its divine author give you to understand it. It is an ever-shining sun that lightens the pure soul to happiness. Dim-eyed folly will not look upon it; while from its splendor vice recoils, and,

immersed in its own deformity, rails at the glory that reveals it!—But I am come to bring you news. Did I not tell you, that all was in the hands of God? Innocence, Honour, Peace!—All is restored to you! To-morrow, your daughter will be the wife of Mr. Freeman!”

The old gentleman amazed, desired him to explain. He complied, and related to him every particular.

“O youth!” exclaimed the happy father, embracing him. “My praise would prove unequal to thy worth!”

“Remember,” said Mr. Barclay, “I am but the humble instrument of our heavenly Father’s goodness.—In fixing praise upon the creature, forget not to honour the Creator!”

“I do, I do, honour him!” said he, “and therefore will I love the man,



whom he has deigned to choose as the blessed means of bringing about his gracious purposes."

"I must leave you now!" interrupted Mr. Barclay, "the day grows late. Go make your daughter happy. I must return to Mr. Freeman. In the morning we shall meet again, and the day will end in joy!" The politeness of the old gentleman would not detain him, and Mr. Barclay, after accepting some refreshments, drove back to his friend's.

Mr. Freeman was alone, and gladness smiled upon his features, as Mr. Barclay entered.

"I rejoice to see you," said he, shaking him by the hand, "I do not apprehend a relapse; but, in your company, I shall acquire more confidence. Tell me how you have fared. Say, is the widow happy, and will Julia be mine?"

"Both," replied Mr. Barclay, and more; for, the widow shall be mine.

"What mean you?" demanded Mr. Freeman, "can your rigid virtue condescend to love and wedlock!"

"Love," replied Mr. Barclay, "is the Christian's essence, and marriage a sacred bond, ordained by his Creator. When two hearts meet in unison, marriage is the happiest incident of their lives: it being, indeed, a completion of terrestrial joy; a concentration of the purest passions of our nature, and which are comprized in love." He then proceeded to recount the particulars of the day, and ingenuously told his regard for Mrs. Mountain. "It must be so!" exclaimed the soldier, in sudden thought. "To-morrow, my friend! to-morrow, you and the widow must accompany me, and Julia, to the altar! A licence shall be procured this night!"

"No, my friend, said Mr. Barclay, I'll not agree to that; nor would the widow, whom I have seen but twice. I would not be the slave of form; but while custom is established by propriety, I will respect it. In the mean time, prepare for your own happiness, and suffer mine to advance in decent order."

Mr. Freeman, now mentioned the urgent necessity of seeing a gentleman, in order to postpone an engagement which he had made with him, for the following day. The gentleman resided at Chelsea, whither he must go himself. Mr. Barclay, immediately proposed to accompany him: this being gladly accepted, and the night remarkably fine, they agreed to walk.

---

---

*CHAP. VII.*

---

The Fight—The Passionate Man—The Court of  
Honour—Night Scene—Time—The Robbers  
—An important Chapter.

---

THEY had not passed many streets before they heard the shouting of a mob, and approaching it, they perceived two men fighting. The combatants were stripped to the waist, and their skin shockingly disfigured by blood, commingled with dirt. The one possessed a calm resolution, and had greatly the advantage over his antagonist, who though sadly bruised and lacerated, would persist in the unequal contest. The friends of the latter were persuad-

ing him to desist, while the savage spectators urged him to the battle.

“What is the subject of your quarrel, my friend?” said Mr. Barclay, excited by his usual benevolence, “believe me, they are your true friends who advise you to give over.” He had taken him by the arm while he spoke. The pugilist struggled to ~~get free~~; but finding himself still detained, he uttered an oath, and struck Mr. Barclay, so violent a blow as for a moment to deprive him of sensation, and he would have fallen had not his friend supported him till he recovered. The indignant spirit of the young soldier panted to revenge the injury; but his anger subsided on seeing the insulter rush upon his adversary, who instantly cast him motionless on the stones. The shock decided the contest, and the poor wretch was borne away, scarcely conscious of his existence.

"Observe," said Mr. Barclay, encircling his arm in that of his friend's, and pursuing his walk: "Observe in that man the spirit of a duellist, and in the gross mob, that of his abettors. Poor fool! his heart, too, was full of fame and honour! and see, to what it has brought him!"

"An obstinate stupid fellow!" said the soldier.

"And what are duellists?" said Mr. Barclay, "they only attire their folly out in tinsel, and its faint glitter dazzles the weak senses of vanity. — What a noxious being is a passionate man," continued he; "he should be expelled from society, and confined to rocks and caverns, where he might vent his canine temper, without molesting the peaceful circle of his companions. In the years of maturity, he retains the infirmities of childhood: he is a volcanic plague, for-

ever belching its mischief on surrounding objects."

"One more word on duelling," said Mr. Freeman, "and then we will drop it for ever! There are men so infatuated with their darling principle of honour, that they will, at present, only forego it with their lives; and, as they reject all laws but their own, it would be charity to suggest a plan to which they might accede, that would obviate the fatal catastrophes which so frequently attend their meetings. What would you substitute for duelling?"

"I am glad," replied Mr. Barclay, "that this is to be the last sentence upon the subject: for I am heartily tired of it. Why, what say you to the establishment of a court composed of your men of honour, who should select approved umpires to judge in every case. Before this, the

aggrieved should cite the aggressor, and there relate the truth. I will believe, that, in general, they are superior to a lie.—Well, the aggressor being declared, the society shall denounce the required reparation.—If he refuses, he shall be banished the place where men of honour frequent, and all shall be forbidden to associate with him, till he make the adjudged atonement. If, after a certain period, he remain inflexible, he shall be posted, and for ever excluded the honourable circles. And if an aggressor refuse to attend the summons of this tribunal, the same punishment shall follow him. Such might be for the lesser incitements to duelling. But, for the more serious ones, when a man, by a flagrant act of villainy indelibly blots his character, he should not only be excluded from all intercourse, with the honourable; but consigned over, unanimously, to the more adequate laws of his country.”



“I wish, with all my heart,” said Mr. Freeman, “that this amicable adjustment could be established.”

They had now passed the streets of London, and entered upon the road.—An unclouded sky revealed to them the majesty of night. The moon, just in her wane, appeared in silvery brightness, while the distant worlds glittered o’er the vast expanse, and seemed to invite the eye to every part, till it was bounded by the circling horizon.

“What a scene is here!” said Mr. Freeman, “how full of wonder and magnificence!—I have often gazed upon it with delight. But never did I understand it so well as now.—Immensity!—Eternity! Author of all, where art thou?—The heaven of heavens cannot contain thee!”

“Thou dost rightly,” said Mr. Bar-

clay, “ Beautiful and grand as are these worlds, the Christian will not stop at them :—his eager soul outflies their systems, and dwells with their Creator !—There his hopes rest, and there he pants to be. ‘ To him that overcometh,’ said the Lord, ‘ I will give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God !—He shall be clothed in white raiment ; and I will confess his name before my father, and before his angels.—I will grant him to sit with me in my throne. He shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.’ ”

“ Those words, my friend ! ” exclaimed Mr. Freeman, “ are music to my soul ! Ah, me, what a lethargy has hitherto hung over me.—The voice of the charmer has, at length, dispelled it.” ‘ Awake ! awake ! ’ said he, ‘ thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead ! ’


and Christ shall give thee light, life, and immortality!—I follow thee, O Prince of Peace :—thou art the way, and the truth, and the life !”

They had now reached the limits of their walk. Mr. Freeman explained to his friend the subject of his errand, and requested that his attendance might be dispensed with. This being agreed to, they, after half an hour's conversation, took leave and returned on their way. “Observe,” said Mr. Freeman, “how wide a circuit the moon has traversed toward the west !”

“And toward the east our earth,” said Mr. Barclay, “so speeds our time, Time, that swift courser whose back we mount the moment we are born. He flies with us along, nor stops his impetuous career till he flings us on eternity ! And yet, we call him slow !—

Where is yesterday?—Gone, for ever!  
And who can call to-morrow his own?  
—No one.—Thou canst not say: this  
moment is mine; for, ere the sentence  
is finished, the moment is fled!—O!  
that some celestial being would lift us  
to the regions of space; shew us the  
revolving motion of our earth; and,  
while our sight pursued the wondrous  
scene, teach us the more than golden  
worth of time. ‘Behold!’ methinks I  
hear him say, ‘Mortals behold the pro-  
gress of your life!—See how your world  
flies o’er its bounded orb, and brings you  
to your end. A few revolutions, by you  
termed years, it shall perform, and then  
you die!—Another, and another race  
succeeds, till the doomed number shall  
be made complete, and all the dead once  
more emerge from dust to meet eter-  
nity!’—We should then, my friend,  
perhaps, affix some value on our hours!

If time were to be bought, what a price would it fetch!—How would the miser draw forth his pilfered hoard, to add another year to his existence! How would the slave of pleasure pawn his last estate, to add another month to his giddy round; and how would the ensanguined plunderer exhaust his stores to gain a lingering day from his devoted hell! Amazing!—that man should talk of killing time!—And old men, too, whose tottering steps can scarce sustain life's load:—that they should waste their hours with idleness, and talk of killing time! — Poor wretches, they mistake their aim!—their weapons are inverted, and, instead of time, it is themselves they kill! O! how different will be the last moments of the man who has given his day to virtue, to him who has devoted them to vice. Gloomy will be the first, but sweet the prospects of the last.—



The one in writhing agony, will sink into despair; the other, winged with hope, will fly to the mansions of the blessed."

Mr. Barclay had no sooner closed his sentence, than there sprang upon them three men, armed with bludgeons, who peremptorily demanded their money. "Villains!" exclaimed the soldier, and seized the one who stood before him, when he instantly received a blow that felled him to the ground, and two of the ruffians proceeded to plunder him. Mr. Barclay was totally unarmed. But he instantly grappled with the third man, and after a violent struggle, wrested from him his weapon, with which he flew to the rescue of his friend, and struck one of his annoyers with such a force, and well directed aim as laid him senseless at his feet. The other then turned and closed with him, leaving Mr. Freeman at liberty, who, now recovered from

the blow that had stunned him, attacked the remaining desperado. The contest, for awhile, seemed equal, till Mr. Barclay again disarmed his opponent, who instantly knelt to deprecate his vengeance. The conqueror appeared divided between justice and pity, when the man whom he had, at the first onset, beaten down, revived, and drawing a long clasp knife, advanced unobserved, and stabbed him in the breast contiguous to the heart. Mr. Barclay fell, and the villains were now masters of the field. Bent on plunder and murder, they were proceeding on their object, when the rattling of an approaching coach alarmed them, and the assassin dragging his fellow from Mr. Freeman, they all fled. "What do I see!" said the soldier, observing his companion on the ground, and placing his hand upon him. "Here is blood!" —Oh, my friend!—my brother! where art thou!—What, must we part so soon?

—Hast thou just shewn me what man ought to be;—just shewn me thy exalted self, and led me to the road of peace, and glory! and shall I lose thee thus?”

During this sentence, he had torn off his neckcloth, and having joined it to his handkerchief, applied it to the wound, bringing it round the body of his friend, in order to stop the effusion of blood.

“ See,” said Mr. Barclay, “how many impediments rise up between man, and his promises of earthly happiness. We had nearly sunk in view of the glittering prize. But be not alarmed; the villain has, indeed, stabbed me; but has missed my vitals, and I am safe.

The carriage had now reached them. “ Stop!” cried Mr. Freeman, to the coachman, “ stop, my friend, I charge



thee, by the duties of humanity! and assist me!" The man instantly alighted, and, with the aid of Mr. Freeman, lifted Mr. Barclay into the carriage. "I have just taken my master home," said the coachman, "and was now returning to the stables, but I will drive wherever you desire me."—"Generous man!" said Mr. Freeman, "carry us to the nearest surgeon."

"No," said his friend, "convey me to your own house. Your precaution has stopped the bleeding of my wound, and, for awhile I shall be well." Mr. Freeman, then told the coachman his place of residence, and bade him proceed with all dispatch.

The man needed no other incentive than his own benevolent disposition. The horses flew beneath his guidance, and quickly reached the house. Mr.

Barclay was then borne up to bed, while his friend, having desired the coachman to call upon him the first opportunity, hastened himself for a surgeon, with whom, in a quarter of an hour, he returned.

The wound, at a short inspection, was pronounced, not mortal. The weapon which had made it, appeared to have been rugged on its edge, for the purpose of rendering it fatal; but, from its direction, no serious injury could arise, although it might occasion some week's confinement.

The surgeon having applied his styp-tic, and fastened on his bandage, gave directions for his regimen, and orders for his being as little as possibly disturbed by conversation: he then took his leave.

Mr. Freeman now advancing, took his friend by the hand, and said, "Since you are safe, I will confess, that notwithstanding the evil, I feel a glorious satisfaction at what has passed. You have saved my life!—You have, in the strongest manner, proved that you possess undaunted courage! In all things you appear a man of honour, though yet—no duellist. How generous are your sentiments!—how noble are your actions!—With the eye of a brother do I behold you—with the ear of a son do I listen to you!"

"Indeed, you over-rate me," said Mr. Barclay, "you have but newly understood the beauty of Truth: and her humblest votaries inspire you with respect. When you become more familiar, you will find the most exalted of her mortal children, so distant from perfection as to contemplate them with regret, and

wonder, that they should be so tardy, and so cold. You must fix your eyes on Truth herself, and aspire to her fair summit, where no clouds obscure, and where the day for ever rests."

"I will, my friend," said Mr. Freeman, "and now, good night: it is time that you were left to rest, and so farewell. Julia, you must wait awhile, I will not partake of pleasure, while my friend remains in pain."

"O, not so!" exclaimed Mr. Barclay, with energy. "Not so!—to-morrow, as affixed, you must marry her: do not procrastinate that desired event:—do not delay my triumph, as you respect me:—its completion will accelerate my recovery. I desire to see you happy. To-morrow, my friend; to-morrow, you must lead Julia to the altar, and there let Honour do reverence to Virtue."

"But Mrs. Mountain!" said Mr. Freeman.

"Your attorney can bring her hither. My accident may dispense with idle form. I will present to her the proof of your sincerity, and justice. But the time grows late. Read to me the fifteenth chapter of the first Corinthians, and then we will bid good night."

Mr. Freeman, reached the Bible from an upper shelf in the chamber, the dust lay thick upon it. He blushed as he wiped it off, then opened it, and read the chapter.

"O book of truth!" said he, as he closed the sacred volume, "I would that thy words were graven on my heart. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

"Read it continually, my friend," said Mr. Barclay, "It will prove to you a well of living waters, springing up to everlasting life."

Mr. Freeman now parted from his friend, and sent up to attend him a nurse, for whom he had sent, and one of his own domestics.

Mr. Barclay, during his conversation had experienced excruciating pains, but uttered no complaint. About an hour after Mr. Freeman had retired, he happily sunk to sleep.

Information of the event had been sent to the Police Office, whose emissaries had, in consequence, been dispatched in various directions; but in vain; the desperadoes eluded their keenest search.

---

---

*CHAP. VIII.*

---

The Interview---The Deed of Justice---The Widow's Story---The Domestic---The wedded Pair  
---The Hope Corrected---The Invitation---A  
Master's Duty.

---

HE awoke not till the hour of nine, on the following morning ; the surgeon, now attended by another gentleman of his profession, was waiting to re-examine him. The opinion of the former received the coincidence of the latter : the wound, though dangerous, was not mortal. Mr. Barclay inquired for Mr. Freeman, and learned that he had departed at an early hour, to fulfil his promise. He smiled amid his pangs at the conformity of his friend. The

surgeons having taken their leave, he dispatched a messenger for his servant, and to inform the good pair with whom he lived, of his accident.

In about an hour the attorney came, and, after lamenting the calamitous event, gave into his hand the title-deeds of the estate for Mrs. Mountain, who, he observed, was then in the house. Mr. Barclay, thanking him for his attention, begged he would introduce her to him, on which he withdrew for Mrs. Mountain, and conducting her into the chamber, retired.

The widow, accompanied by her little boy, approached the bed. Her dress was now changed: it appeared the choice of simplicity fashioned by taste: its elegance was alone derived from its wearer.



"Welcome, Madam," said Mr. Barclay, "such events as these, may dispense with ceremony."

The complexion of Mr. Barclay was greatly changed since last Mrs. Mountain saw him. The glow of health had fled, and given way to a pallid hue, that bore the resemblance of, and, to her imagination, seemed to utter death. Her heart turned cold; her features pale; her limbs trembled under her. She had been informed of all by the attorney, and in the time elapsed since the recital, her heart had experienced sensations not to be described. The first incident she had witnessed with Mr. Barclay, and the sentiments that had followed his generous zeal in her hapless cause, together with his present condition, had upon her mind the effect of an overwhelming torrent. She, lately so deserted, dejected, and forlorn, could

scarcely believe her change of fortune, and when reflection confirmed its reality, her gratitude, admiration, and sorrow for its author again overpowered her feelings, and joy gave way to anguish. Her opinion of Mr. Barclay, was the aggregation of all good thoughts, and love made up the climax. He was young, his person manly, his features marked with thought; his soul beaming through his eye.—How could she less than love him?

He observed her sensations, and continued. “The little accident, Madam, that relates to me, ought not to cloud the features of my friends. The wound I have received is not dangerous, I shall yet live to see, and perhaps, the close of a scene so happily begun.”

The heart of the widow revived, and gladness re-animated her whole frame.

One of the attendants now presented her a chair. She seated herself, and fixed her eyes upon her patron.

“Here,” continued he, after a short pause, and holding to her the deeds, “Here is a token of justice from a young man, whose altered nature renders him worthy of your respect:—accept it from him at my hands; but devote your thanks to the Author of all good.”

“I feel concerned, Sir,” said the widow, “that, at such a season as the present, you should trouble yourself for me, who have no claim to your thoughts.”

“Your claims,” returned he, “are great; you are virtuous, and you are a widow. I shall rejoice to see you placed above the evils of poverty, and the dependence on a world that knows not

how to appreciate your worth; and had not similar incidents come under my observation, and did I not know that it is no novelty, I should wonder how so much excellence could have fallen to a state so unworthy of itself."

The state in which you found me," replied the widow, "was not much inferior to that in which I was born. My parents were in humble life; my father renting a farm which barely supported his family. My education I owe to the kindness of an uncle, a captain in the West India trade, who placed me at a boarding-school, and supported me there from the age of twelve, till seventeen. Here, among other things, I became a proficient on the harp, and having completed myself in every female accomplishment that the school taught, I, at the desire of my uncle, returned to the protection of my parents. It was

on my journey home that I first saw Mr. Mountain, who was one of my companions in the stage. He conducted himself towards me with great respect, and solicited so earnestly to accompany me to my father's, that I could not deny him. He there explained who he was, and demanded me in marriage. My parents were elated at the prospect, and pressed me to consent. In short, we were married in less than a month. This taking place without asking the advice of my Uncle, he entirely withdrew his affection from me, and desired to see me no more. He shortly after married, and has since died, leaving the whole of his property to his wife. I then followed the fortune of my husband, and lost both my parents before the fatal duel; so that on my return to England, I had no friend. Mr. Mountain was entirely dependent on his profession, and indulging himself in the prospect of promo-

tion, he made no provision for any emergency, and there remained barely sufficient for my travelling expences. On my arrival, I attempted to procure pupils for the harp; but failed from the want of recommendation. I, therefore, applied to an eminent master, who appeared enraptured on hearing my performance; but his conditions of serving me were too base to accede to; so that I might be said, indeed, to hang my harp upon the willow, and weep. I next had recourse to needle-work, by which I happily preserved myself, and this dear boy from want. But this existence was precarious, the most rigid economy, at times, scarcely preventing hunger. Nor could I retain a sum sufficient for my rent: this rendered my landlord clamorous, and drove me to the sad alternative of the money-lender's, from whom I was returning with a sum inadequate to the occasion, and which when paid, with

the trifle I possessed, would leave me unprovided for the exigences of the following day. Thus did that necessity which I so loudly bewailed, bring me to the knowledge of you.—This, Sir, is my simple history.”

“ Well, well !” returned Mr. Barclay, “ we are but pilgrims, and strangers here, and must not expect the comforts of a home. These things are frequently decreed by the unsearchable wisdom of our Father. An uninterrupted course of ease might prove an evil ; we should perhaps, grow too fond of the world ; should wander from the path of light, forgetful of the glory to which it leads, and thus excite the rod of afflictive justice.”

The poignancy of his wound here disturbed the placid character of his countenance. His philosophy was not

that of the stoic.—He effected not to despise pain; but he bore it with resignation.—He concealed his features from observation.

In a short time his servant arrived, and entered the room where his master lay. He saw Mrs. Mountain in tears, and observed her making motion for silence. This youth had lived with him from the age of fourteen, and had now attained his eighteenth year. He was the offspring of parents extremely poor, who had apprenticed him at the age of eleven to a chimney-sweeper. It was in that miserable occupation Mr Barclay first saw him. He found him one winter's morning half naked, shivering, and crying from the cold, and seated on the stone before his door. He observed that his frame was tender, and inadequate to the sufferings of his rigid employment. He inquired who his



master was, bought out his indentures, and received the boy into his own service. No child's affection for his parent could exceed that of this poor lad for his master. What a scene was here for him!—He had parted from his benefactor the preceding morning in perfect health:—he now found this benefactor brought near to death, by the hand of an assassin.—He retired in silence to a corner of the room, while his heart overflowed with grief.

Nearly an hour had passed in continued silence, when there entered the chamber Mr. Freeman, Julia, and her father. All were mute; they looked at each other, bowed, and seated themselves. They gazed upon the bed:—the stillness of its occupier alarmed them. The nurse ventured to withdraw the counterpane from his face: inexpressible sensations of anxiety pos-

essed the company during this incident.  
 "He breathes!" whispered the matron;  
 —"he sleeps!"

Gently as this was done, it awakened him. He opened his eyes, and saw his friend with Julia: he smiled. "My triumph is complete," said he, "now thou art indeed, a Man of Honour!"

"Yes, my friend," said Mr. Freeman, "she is my wife! My Julia, thank the noblest of men;—the best of friends!"

Julia obeyed, and approaching the bed's side, took the hand of Mr. Barclay, kissed it, and watered it with her tears. "There is nothing wanting," said she, "to perfect our happiness, but the restoration of our friend, and for which I shall most anxiously hope."

"I thank you, dear lady," said Mr.

Barclay, "you may hope for my restoration to health; but do not hope for perfect happiness. Believe me, it is not the blessing of mortality. The frailty of our nature can never secure it; happiness lives in a purer atmosphere, than that which surrounds this globe. It is the being of another world, and to enjoy it unalloyed, we must be transformed into more glorious creatures. Let us then sow no hopes of perfect happiness, or we shall reap a certain disappointment."

"Indeed, my friend," said Mr. Stanley, "you have rightly said: I have found it so through life; and I question, Julia, whether we shall ever know a happier moment than the present; though now, before our eyes, we behold a dear friend wounded and in pain. Such is the state of things on earth."

After a little more conversation, on the one side of condolence, on the other of congratulation, the nurse interposed, and observed to them, how requisite rest was to her charge. They thanked her, and assented.

Mr. Freeman now turned to Mrs. Mountain, and entreated her to reside at his house while their friend remained in his present state, and Julia urging the invitation, she agreed, and with the rest withdrew for the present; leaving James, the servant of Mr. Barclay, with the nurse.

Mr. Barclay, observing the anxiety of his faithful lad, and willing to seize any opportunity of instruction, took the present occasion to impress upon him the importance, and beauty of virtue, when he saw the vicissitude, and instability of human life. Having finished

his advice, and exhortation, he sought rest in sleep; but it was some hours before the pain of his wound gave way to weary nature: at length, however, he closed his eyes in peace.

---

---



---

*CHAP. IX.*

---



---

The Morning Visit---A Subject interesting to all  
 ---A parent's consolation, in the decline of life.

---

EARLY next morning, the bridegroom re-visited the chamber of his friend, whom he found awake. His inquiries had been scarcely answered, when there followed him, Julia, Mr. Stanway, and Mrs. Mountain, fully as anxious as himself. They gazed, for awhile, upon the object of their concern, in silence, and solicitude: he viewed them each alternately, and smiled; "Welcome, my friends," said he, "the sun, you see, has once more risen upon us. But, swift as he is, many a soul

will outfly his bounds, ere he sinks into the west.—Many a soul, ere then, will be in eternity! O, what a subject for man is eternity, and its God!—What tongue can do it justice?—The song of Seraphs, and the praise of saints cannot attain to it. The soul may, indeed, conceive what the clogged senses cannot describe; ~~mine~~ my friends, has busied itself this night past, in thoughts of heaven: it pants for the regions of peace. There to behold its Prince, and see the beauty of his holiness; there to find the meek son of David, clothed in the majesty of his Godhead, dispensing his rich blessings around him.—There to become learned in all his divine mysteries!—Yes, my friends, our Jesus there shall lead us to his throne; crown us with victory, and make us perfect. Then with our blessed companions shall we say: ‘Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and

true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.<sup>1</sup> These should be the subjects of the living; but, alas! the living too oft reject them, with a promise to commence them on their death-bed! Presumptuous, and ungrateful!—thus to devote their youth, and health to pleasure, and their old age and infirmities to their maker! But, ‘God will not be mocked!’ Let us, my friends, apply ourselves to the fountain of Truth, nor waste the time upon the wandering opinions of fallible humanity. The Bible we shall find all sufficient; the learning of the world, compared to that, is vanity; all the learning of the ancients, could not prove the immortality of the soul.—Religion gives the assurance of it; learning cannot conquer the errors of man; religion makes him perfect;—it teaches him his duty to himself, his neighbour, and his God. ‘Her ways



are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Neither, let us be laughed out of our duty, by the levity of Fashion; her votaries are impervious to Truth.—Callous, and vain; they heed not the music of her song, nor understand the wisdom of her word. 'The harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, are in their feasts; but they regard not the works of the Lord.' Giddy fools, their day of riot will soon have whirled its course! when, a gloomy night awaits them. 'Then, woe to their crown of pride, whose glorious beauty will be found a fading flower.' O happy you, my friends, and happy they, who, led by religion in the paths of light, proceed to certain glory. These, I say, should be the themes of man, in the very vigour of his life; thence would he go on, 'Shining more, and more unto the perfect day,' when he might exclaim,

‘Arise, O my soul,’ arise, and shine,  
for thy light is come, and the glory of  
the Lord is risen upon thee !”

“Ah, my friend,” said Mr. Stanway,  
“how you have been reproaching my  
former life; when, dwelling in lazy ease,  
I knew not God nor thought upon eter-  
nity.”

“Be happy that you have grown wise  
though late,” returned Mr. Barclay;  
“look around you here, consider your-  
self the father of a happy pair, and ac-  
knowledge all to be the working of your  
Maker. Did I not tell you, that all was  
in his bounty; ‘Yea, every good, and  
every perfect gift is from above, and  
cometh down from the Father of Light.’  
Be joyful then, and wait your appointed  
time; when you will fall, like the full  
fruit of Autumn, which scattering itself

upon the earth, shall again take root,  
and regenerate in youth, and beauty."

The surgeons again attended, and  
found no reason to alter their opinion,  
the wound was in the fairest stage, and  
wanted nothing but the hand of time to  
effect its cure.

---

---

*CHAP. X.*

---

The Recovery—Retirement from Town—The Country-house—The setting Sun—The Sentiment repeated—The Comparison—The Declaration—The Marriage-day.

---

AT the end of three weeks, Mr. Barclay was in perfect health. He forsook his chamber in the day, and mixed in the circle of his friends. During the period of his confinement, the care of Mrs. Mountain had been unremitting: she administered his medicines, and prepared his diet—in all her actions blending gratitude with charity. The sentiments which he at first conceived of her were now confirmed, and he

found that those sentiments were composed of love.

Mr. Freeman now proposed their retiring for a season to his country mansion. Mr. Barclay willingly acquiesced, nor could Mrs. Mountain resist the importunities of Julia to accompany them; and the third day from the proposal they were all at Freeman Hall.

This venerable domain had sheltered, for two ages, the ancestry of its present possessor. It was situated on the acclivity of a hill, whose summit screened it from the boisterous north, while its front commanded a noble prospect to the south, and the orb of day was seen the whole of his diurnal course, when first emerging with the orient morn, till he dropt his golden splendor in the west. Here was a park of moderate size, enlivened by the bounding deer. An or-

chard, producing all the variety of British fruit, and an extensive garden, with summer-houses, arcades, open walks, and a fine fountain, branching into various rivulets. It was, indeed, as much a paradise as man, in his fallen state, could hope to enjoy; and such as, in a Christian's heart, must awaken his desire for those blissful scenes which know no end.

One evening the company, after enjoying a walk, seated themselves, and in mute attention watched the setting sun:—his lingering rays now faintly touched the hills, till at length they disappeared, to carry day to other realms. Mr. Freeman now fixed his eyes on Mr. Barclay, and, while he smiled, repeated, "So speeds our time!—Where now is yesterday? and who can call to-morrow his own?" He then looked at Mrs. Mountain, and reverting his

eyes again upon his friend, continued with peculiar emphasis, in the words of Mr. Barclay; "Love is the Christian's essence, and marriage a sacred bond, ordained by his Creator. When two hearts meet in unison, marriage is the happiest incident of their life; it being, indeed, a concentration of the purest passions of our nature, and which are all comprized in love!"

Not a word more passed. They all arose, and retired to the hall.

A few days after, while walking in the garden, Mr. Barclay observed Mrs. Mountain, seated in an arbour, with no other attendant than her son. The child had plucked a red daisy from the border of a parterre. His mother was comparing it to the simple state of youth, and reminding him, that he, like that, would, one day, be plucked by a superior

Being from the humble parterre of life.

"But not like that poor flower, my love," said she, "the beauty of that will decay to revive no more, while you will be transplanted to a happier soil, and bloom for ever!"

Mr. Barclay plucked from the same bed, a white daisy, which binding with the red one, he bade the child carry them to Mr. Freeman, and request that he would read them.

"What, read a flower?" said the artless boy, and smiled.

"Yes," returned Mr. Barclay, "has not your mother already read a lesson from them! Now carry them to Mr. Freeman, and bid him read them likewise."

The child being gone, Mr. Barclay



advanced to the widow, and seating himself by her, thus addressed her.

“Madam, the moment is arrived when I must declare I love you. When I first saw you, my heart made its choice, and seemed to say, ‘I have found my partner. Time has strengthened this sentiment, and experience has approved it; I will not, like the idlers of the world, fall down at your feet, worship your beauty, and swear you are a deity. Such affections as these, are as unstable as the flattering breath that utters them; such follies are incompatible to the simplicity—to the dignity of truth. There is but one object worthy of the bended knee, and of the adoring heart, to whom be all our homage:—all our praise!—It is in your power to complete my state of happiness in this life. Shall we then join hands, and pass on in peace; cheering each other to our

journey's end, until the gates of everlasting life shall open, and admit us to the glorious presence of our King?"

Mrs. Mountain essayed to speak:— she could not, but she presented her hand to Mr. Barclay.

He kissed it. "Dear Madam, I thank you;" said he; "this is a happy day to me!"

At that moment, Julia appeared in view. "Adieu, adieu," said he; "I leave you with your friend." Saying which, he directed his steps to Mr. Freeman, while Mrs. Mountain, soon joined by Julia, remained behind, and unboresomed to her all that had passed.

Mr. Barclay found his friend in company with his father. "I read your daisies through, at a single glance," said

he. "It is a neat and simple preface; but, the author being here, I would have him proceed with the volume." Mr. Barclay, then seating himself related what had passed.

"Aye, then," exclaimed Mr. Freeman, with impetuous zeal, and springing to embrace him, "let there be no delay, for why should Virtue be the slave of form, and why should happiness be procrastinated?"

"I have in my own mind fixed the time of marriage," replied Mr. Barclay, "It shall be this day week." Mr. Stanway approved of the amendment; the parties soon joined, and severally anticipated the coming time.

The day, at length, arrived, and the bride appeared in the presence of her future lord. Joy sparkled in his eyes

as he beheld her ; he saw Beauty attired by Grace, and conducted by Virtue. Soon they stood before the sacred altar, where by its hallowed ceremony, they became one. Mr. Freeman performed the office of father, and presented with triumphant satisfaction, the rich gift to his friend. All was solemnity and reverence. At the conclusion, they returned to Freeman Hall; the clergyman accompanied them; and at the hospitable mansion, no levity was found to banish from its walls the servant of God.

The day was closed in joy, and Peace and Harmony seemed there to have taken their abode.

---

---

*CHAP. XI.*

---

The little Farm—The School—The Philosopher  
—The Lectures—The Harp—The Song—The  
Nurse.

---

AT the expiration of a month, Mr. Barclay purchased an estate at a short distance from Freeman Hall. It was humble when compared to the latter, yet amply commodious for its new possessors. It consisted of a little compact farm, comprising about twenty-five acres of ground, well stocked both with vegetable and animal treasure. The family was now composed of the master, mistress, and young Mountain, the faithful James, another man-servant, and two maids; and every one,

even to the child, (whose province it was to feed the poultry), took an active share in the labour. The little mansion might be called the temple of Industry, Health, and Charity.

The friends frequently met, and their society was augmented by the Curate, a man of classical erudition, and, what was more, of genuine piety. A variety of amusements seemed to spring from this country life. The improvement of agriculture occupied a considerable portion of their time. They would mix among the farmers of the adjoining village, offering and listening to advice; and frequently would they seek instruction of the well-practised cottager. They soon discovered, that there was no school in the village, and lamented the neglected state of its juvenile inhabitants. A plan was instantly formed, and a school-room projected

in their minds. Till this, however, could be completed, Mr. Freeman would devote a spacious room, in his own house, to the purpose. The Curate was appointed the master, while the rest resolved to divide the necessary expences. The scheme was immediately put in execution, and, for about six hours each day, in the hall, was heard the voice of instruction and the progress of knowledge. That the labour might not lie too heavily on the Curate, although he remained the principal teacher, Messrs. Stanway, Freeman, and Barclay, alternately devoted the day to this service. Some other gentry in the neighbourhood, hearing of the laudable undertaking, and, ashamed to remain mere spectators of it, proffered their assistance, and requested permission to share in the expence. This was freely accepted, and, in a short time, a school-room was

erected adjoining the Curate's dwelling.

Mr. Stanway had, at the solicitation of his children, consented to spend the remainder of his days with them. He was a man of science; well skilled in the theory of the earth, in astronomy, and the various branches of natural philosophy. He had sent for his globes, with all the apparatus of extensive learning, and commenced and went through a variety of lectures. His friends attended with delight, while pleasure and instruction descended from his tongue. Mr. Stanway delivered and explained with such perspicuity and ease, that his friends, from their desire of dispersing knowledge, requested he would indulge the neighbours with his lectures. To this he assented; when it was agreed, that one night in the week should be devoted to



this purpose, till the whole course was finished; and that the hall, a spacious dome, should be prepared for the occasion. Accordingly, all the neighbours were invited, both rich and poor, and even such of the children as could, in the least degree, comprehend the subjects.

Mr. Stanway now commenced his public lectures. With surprise his audience listened to hear what caused the day and night, the change of seasons, the fluctuation of the tides, and all the common incidents of nature, to them unknown till now. They admired to hear of the long days and nights of the poles, and expressed their delight at the antipodes. The wonders of the telescope now engaged the eager sight, and worlds beyond worlds, systems beyond systems, still opened to their view; and they seemed to feel, how

poor a worm was man in all his pride. The astonishing properties of the microscope were next displayed, and nature was sought at both extremes; but sought in vain! unbounded to the search of mortals! Here the practised farmer might perceive the curious progress of vegetable life; how the porous plant received its sustenance, and dispersed its juice through numerous branching veins. And here too were seen myriads of little animals, full of activity and vigour. A drop of water, scarcely perceptible, was an ample sea to its minute inhabitants, who were seen labouring, with repeated motions, to reach their distant shore. The vast Atlantic to the sporting dolphin seemed not more large, than did this little aquatic world to them—this world, that a poor fly could sweep, with all its tribes, to nothing! Astonishing to relate, that animals should be found so

minute in bulk, that to them a common insect is, when compared, what the huge elephant is to that! But in those, who understand that nature is, at least to human perception, unlimited, these wonders will not excite a doubt.

Mr. Stanway continued his lectures, exciting both wonder and delight; but amid all the admiration of his humble auditors, at his learning, he was careful to teach them the greater importance and virtue of labour and industry. "They, my friends," said he, "are the base of all these things; without them, genius would be useless, and learning vain!"

One evening Mr. Barclay, on his return from the Curate's, with whom he had spent the latter part of the day, in conversation, to them, the most desirable of all others, was aroused at reaching

his own house, by the sound of music that seemed to surpass the efforts of mortality. On his way home, his soul was full of heaven, and when first he heard the strains he stopped, and involuntarily raised his eyes toward the sky, expecting to behold a messenger of light attuning his heaven-strung harp. He *saw*, indeed, the harmony of the spheres, but the enchanting sound evidently proceeded from his own house. Still he listened till he identified the tones to be those of a pedal harp; but so bold were the touches on its strings, and yet so exquisitely tasteful, that he doubted whether a woman could have attained such perfection on it. It seemed, indeed, the hand of a master! He remained till the charm had ceased, when he entered the house, and proceeded to the parlour. There he beheld the harper, before the noble instrument, just preparing to re-touch its

strings, and the harper was his wife. Another source of joy was opened to him, and he found new cause for happiness. His eyes were full of enquiry, when Mrs. Barclay, without further questioning, said: "My harp no longer hangs upon the willow; for I have ceased to weep! I have received this from London; I had written for it, and it fully answers my desires. For some years past, I have neglected it; but hope soon to gain, at least my former merit. It will be infinite pleasure for me, to gratify your ears with my humble sounds, when the music of wisdom has delighted your soul."

"Excellent woman!" said he, "every day is improved by you. But you must charm our friends, as well as me, and to-morrow, Freeman Hall shall echo to your strains!"

Mr. Barclay, anxious that his friend should participate in his pleasure, had, as he proposed, the harp carried to Mr. Freeman's, where the company were no less delighted, than they were surprized, to find such exquisite execution in a person who, from her unassuming manner, appeared quite ignorant of the science.

"And now, my fair friend," exclaimed Mr. Stanway, rising from his seat, and taking the hand of the minstrel, "a good thought has struck me.—You shall play a concerto in public, each night of my lectures, and thus, by sharing the labours of an old man, you will stand pre-eminent in charity, as well as in music." This proposition was strongly approved of by the rest, and as zealously urged, while the interesting minstrel expressed a willing consent. At the next lecture she therefore commenced, and sung to her harp the following:—

## SONG.

What is thy end, O man ! on earth ?——

Arise, O man, and say :

What is the object of thy birth ?

And what thy present day ?

'Tis not with things of sense to dwell,

Nor here with Time to stay :——

'Tis not thy treasur'd hoards to swell,

For, these shall all decay.

Soon shall their ev'ry charm be o'er,——

From thee, for ever fled,——

And thou to them be known no more ;

But, number'd with the dead !

Awake thee then !——Awake and hear,

(Most worth thy care to know,)

Awake ! and bid thy list'ning ear

Attend thy task below.

Thou must prepare for worlds to come,

Where Virtue dwells with Peace ;——

Thou must prepare to seek a home,

Amid the climes of bliss !

To walk, in triumph crown'd, above,

Where never evil trode ;——

To reign enthron'd in endless love,

And be a Son of God !

Rise then from death!—Arise, and sing!—  
 And be thy theme divine;  
 Arise, and stretch thy mounting wing,  
 Eternity is thine!

Far from these time-doom'd worlds that roll,  
 Where grov'ling worms would stay;—  
 Go, led by TRUTH, and GRACE, O soul!  
 And mount the Realms of Day!

Where ever rests unclouded light,  
 Where pleasures flow around,  
 Where perfect beauty hails the sight  
 And WISDOM'S SELF is found!

There shalt thou hear the Seraphs swell  
 Their golden harps, and high;—  
 There shalt thou list, while Angels tell  
 Of joys that never die!

Glory and honour wait thee there,  
 If FAITH but teach the road;—  
 Glory and honour, thou shalt share,  
 Before the throne of God!

This is thy end, O man! on earth;  
 Let not the world deceive,—  
 This is the object of thy birth;  
 Believe, O man! and live!



Such were the amusements of this amicable society, and such their efforts to transfuse their happiness to all around them. They might truly be said to love their neighbours as themselves. Like another Goshen was this little village; the tempest might roar, and discord reign abroad; but here the sun of Peace rested his beams, and lightened every heart.

Month after month, passed on in this manner, till, within the year, Julia was delivered of a daughter, when, for a time, the evening parties were suspended, and Freeman Hall was left to repose.

It was nearly a month before Mr. Barclay entered the presence of Julia; though his lady, with the solicitude of female friendship, had seen her daily. He found her in the parlour, perform-

ing the tenderest duty of maternal affection—suckling her own child!

“Happy mother!” exclaimed, he, gazing on her with admiration; “thine be the love of thy grateful child, and the reward of heaven! Thou mayest look on thy smiling innocent, and say, with truth: ‘My child, it is thy mother who thus feeds thee!—It is thy mother who thus loves thee, and who hopes to find a sweet return for her unceasing care!—For she who brings a child into the world, and then abandons it to a hireling, is but half a mother!—she alone is the accomplished, and complete, one who cherishes from her breast its infant days, and administers to all its wants. But O ye abandoned crew!—ye lost to true charity!—ye apostates to nature! who refuse this kindly service, and cast the struggling infant from its tender embrace, what hopes can you

expect of future joy?—what duty, from a child, can you expect to whom you have denied the offices of a parent? Look around the whole course of animal creation, and point out one so base, so faithless as yourselves? O, for a voice to reach the callous ear, and melt the obdurate heart of every shameless mother. Ye wives of humbler life what palliation can you bring for the deserting your own offspring; of consigning it to a lower hireling than yourself; of depriving it of the food you have received in trust for it, and of pressing to your unnatural breast, in its place, the child of Luxury? Let the feelings of a mother awaken you, when you press the stranger to that breast, and remind you of your own deserted charge, pining, perhaps, in the presence of a pitiless nurse, and in piercing, yet unheeded accents, demanding its right! See its declining health; its wasting limbs;

perhaps, it dies!—dies the victim of a remorseless parent! O, let the wolf no more be called a savage!—Madam! a woman never appears with greater dignity, than when fulfilling the office of a mother. And remember, that when God bestowed that child upon thee, he committed to thy charge, a soul that must live for ever! An immortal soul, contained in a mortal body! In thy care for the external case, think on the rich gem which it contains!”

---

---

## CHAP. XII.

---

The friendly controversy—Premature exultation  
 —The Stranger—General amaze—Frenetic  
 revenge—The discovery—The peaceful inter-  
 tion—The challenge.

THE harmony of the society was still unbroken; and one evening, at Freeman Hall, when Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were the only visitants, the company were congratulating themselves on their uninterrupted state of earthly felicity. Julia, in particular, exulted.—“You told me once,” said she, addressing herself to Mr. Barclay, “that perfect happiness was not the lot of mortality.—This, you see, is but an hypothesis which

you must now deny; for look around you:—behold plenty administering to health, and both endeared by friendship!”

“Well, Madam,” said Mr. Barclay, “you possess friends, health, and plenty!—but for how long will you insure them? Each of these is unstable, and if one should desert you, where is then your happiness?—Let one of them depart, and Sorrow will make up the number.”

“There now,” replied Julia, “the very idea of that disturbs me!” The company smiled at her involuntary confession of imperfect felicity. “I much object to this,” continued she; “a propensity to check the happiness we find in our present enjoyments, is a kind of fastidious, ayè, an ungrateful virtue.”

"Not so, dear friend," returned Mr. Barclay, "I would have you *always* happy; and, therefore, would I restrain that delight which fixes itself on perishable objects; that we may become, in a degree, independent of them, and rest it upon those that will never deceive us."

"I am happy now!" exclaimed Julia glancing at her husband, and then kissing her infant, "I am *perfectly happy* now!"

The door instantly opened, and a stranger entered the room. Mrs. Barclay shrieked, and fell lifeless into her husband's arms. "Eternal heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Freeman, starting from his seat unnerved by horror, "What art thou—the spirit of Mountain?" The stranger immediately turned round,

and retired in silence. "What can this mean?" said Mr. Stanway. "My husband! speak to me!" said Mrs. Freeman. Mr. Barclay still supported his beloved wife, and as she revived; "alas, Julia!" said he, where is now thy perfect happiness! "My husband! my husband!" repeated Mrs. Barclay, "could it be my husband!"

"What! who else could it be Madam!" exclaimed Mr. Freeman. "O! what has unmanned me thus?—Why did I not follow him?—him!—impossible!—it could not be!—I saw him dead!—Yet what—who then could it be?"

Mr. Stanway rung the bell, and called up all the servants; he inquired concerning the stranger, but none of them had seen him.

"I will follow him!" said Mr. Bar-



clay, and rushed out of the room. Mr. Freeman was instantly hastening after his friend; but the screams of Julia detained him, and Mr. Stanway remained to console, if possible, the distress of Mrs. Barclay, whose mind was agitated with contending doubts.

Mr. Barclay pursued his course down the hill, and across the plain at its base; while the moon, faintly glimmering through the clouds, afforded just sufficient light to discern any object on the path. His mind, also, was filled with care. A mystery enveloped him, which he could not divine, and which he trembled to see revealed. By turns he condemned himself of premature conduct, in marrying, and censured the seeming inadvertency of his wife. Before he had paced half a mile, he discovered the figure of a man, which stopped as he approached. He quickened his steps, and found it

was the stranger. "Stop," exclaimed he, "and explain to me a mystery, which has so disconcerted us."

"Art thou the villain Freeman?" demanded the other, in an imperious tone.

"Villain does not belong to that name," said Mr. Barclay; "but what if my name be Freeman?"

"Yes, thou art doubtless he," returned the stranger, drawing forth two brace of pistols, and presenting them to Mr. Barclay. "Take thy choice," continued he, while Mr. Barclay instinctively obeyed. "These weapons are of the same size, and equally prepared; thou art, doubtless, an excellent marksman, and the season is as fair for thee as me. I will have no parleying—my honour cannot waste itself in words—this is the hour of retribution, and one of us

shall die!" He then retired a few paces.

—"And now," said he, "be bold; let justice preside; or, if villany must reign, why, then let my fall add another triumph to its empire!"

"Stop!" said Mr. Barclay, "and learn, that revenge is blind!"—

"Villain!" exclaimed the other, and discharged his weapon at him.

Mr. Barclay felt that the ball had grazed his right shoulder. "Rash man!" said he, "you have wounded me!"

"Well," returned the other, "you stabbed my brother!"

"I never saw your brother!"

"Your name is Freeman?"

"No, my name is Barclay."

"Stranger!" said he, approaching Mr. Barclay, and seizing his hand, "pardon me!"

"The injury is trivial," said Mr. Barclay, "and unworthy of concern."

"I rejoice at that;" resumed the other; "I was too impetuous. Caution shall guide my revenge in future; and shall lead me to its devoted object.—My name is Mountain.—I had once a kind, and generous brother, whose person so nearly resembled mine, that, apart, no person, even our relatives, could not distinguish us. Of this brother, after having attempted the virtue of his wife, has the villain Freeman deprived me. Wonder not then, that my sudden appearance, and strong similitude should fill him with remorse. Unobserved:

did I enter his house to seek immediate vengeance; for my breast has almost burst with it; but the terrors of the females checked me. Still, however, he shall meet me; a brother's death demands a brother's revenge, and it shall fall upon his guilty head. I pray you pardon me, I would not have injured *you* for the world."

"Alas," said Mr. Barclay, "will you punish a crime, by committing one still more heinous? I reverence your fraternal love, as much as I abhor your spirit of revenge. But the unhappy fate of your brother, was the effect of his own temerity; he forced Mr. Freeman to the fight, and fell the victim of his own vindictive nature. You cannot benefit him now.—He is in the awful regions of eternity; of which you or I just now had nearly been a subject. Think of this, and do not rush offending on its

**God.** Is revenge worth the anger of eternity's God? O do not lift thy arm against Omnipotence, lest he crush thee into ruins."

"The death of my brother must be atoned.—The death of his murderer can alone atone it! Away!—revenge is virtue when directed by justice!" Saying thus, he hurried from the spot; leaving Mr. Barclay to regret, that man was more the slave of passion, than the wildest beast.

The wound he had received was very slight, but to stop its bleeding, and to prevent alarming his friends, he stripped off his coat, and wrapping his handkerchief round his arm, re-dressed himself, and hastened back to the hall. About half way on his return, he met Mr. Freeman; "I rejoice to see you, my friend," said the latter, "my servants are search-

ing for you in all directions.—Say, have you divined this mystery?”

“The stranger,” returned Mr. Barclay, “is the brother of Mr. Mountain, whose death he is come to revenge.” He then related what had passed, and Mr. Freeman had again to rejoice at the escape of his friend. They now consulted upon the means whereby to appease his revenge, and at last agreed, that Mr. Freeman should write a simple statement of the fatal event, with what had followed, and, acknowledging contrition for his rashness, ingenuously entreat his pardon. “This will be just,” said Mr. Freeman, “for the evil originated with me.” Mr. Barclay was to seek his residence, take the letter, and enforce its object with all the power he possessed. They next considered the necessity of concealing from their families, the true motive of Mr. Mountain’s arrival, when

having framed such answers as would prevent alarm, they proceeded to the hall. At the gate they found their anxious wives with Mr. Stanway, enquiring with eagerness for them of the servants, when their desired appearance at once hushed their questions, and their fears. The family now all retired within doors, and the company were no sooner re-seated in the parlour, than Mr. Barclay explained who the stranger was, concealing the violence of his conduct, and concluded by a hope, that all would be well: "and you, Julia," said he, "may again be happy."—Mrs. Barclay, before the return of her husband, had anticipated who the stranger was. She had heard of his wonderful uniformity of features, and person to his brother; but having never seen him, did not conclude they were so exact.

Next morning, the purposed letter



was written, and Mr. Barclay, mounting his horse, went forth in the exalted character of a peace-maker. He proceeded in a direct road to the nearest town; but no stranger was there. At the second, he heard of the object of his inquiry, and learned that, he had, at an early hour taken post-chaise, with the promise of returning in the evening, or on the following day. Of this the landlord had no doubt, he having left in his care a large portmanteau; Mr. Barclay then gave the letter, charging, that it should be given to no one but Mr. Mountain, and requesting, also, that he might be sent for on the moment of his return. The business being thus far adjusted, he rode back to his friend whom he found painting a landscape in his study; this he did as an excuse from joining his family, in order to prevent any possible means of alarm by the arrival of a messenger. The evening

came; but with no tidings of Mr. Mountain. Mr. Barclay waited in impatient expectation with his friend, and left him not till the sun had again resigned the land to darkness. He had not, however, been gone an hour, when a person brought the following letter, addressed to Mr. Freeman; he opened it, and found inclosed, with the seal unbroken, the one he had written to Mr. Mountain. He then read as follows:

"SIR,

"ERE this, you have doubtless, learned the intention of my visit, which a tenderness for the feelings of the females prevented me from explaining. But now, let me remind you, that the death of my brother is yet unrevenged; at the time of its perpetration, I was in the East Indies, but even there I heard of it; on your side all was villany;—on his all honour:—on mine shall be all justice.---I know you to be brave, the only virtue, you perhaps, possess.---Meet me then, to-

morrow morning by five, on the North side of the hill, on which your house stands. With regard to a second, do as you shall judge proper; I have no friend at hand, and if I had I have no wish to embroil him in my quarrel, or to endanger his safety. Pistols are a noisy tell-tale weapon, and might attract obtruders: the sword would do better; but in this, suit yourself: I shall bring both. The letter which your friend left for me, I return; you can say nothing that can extenuate yourself, or change my resolves.

"I am, Sir,

"Your determined,

"WM. MOUNTAIN."

Mr. Freeman burned the letter, and wrote the following answer.

"SIR,

"I will meet you at the appointed time, and place.

"Your's

"Not less determined,

"H. FREEMAN."

Having given this into the hands of

the bearer, he now joined the company of Julia and her father, and on retiring to rest, he observed to the former, that he should, on the morrow, take an early walk.

---

---

---

*CHAP. XIII.*

---

---

The Meeting---Contumacy of Revenge---The Assault---The disarm---Triumph of Charity---An Enemy's Applause---The Future Hope---Harmony Restored---The best Wish.

---

**I**N the morning Mr. Freeman arose, and, armed with his sword, proceeded to the spot, which he reached a few minutes before the time. He looked around, and saw his foe advancing; on his nearer approach, his heart sunk within him, and he seemed to stand before the spirit of the man he had slain.

"I thank you for this," said Mountain, "you now see the brother of the man you have murdered!"

Mr. Freeman's heart sunk deeper at the charge, while he gazed on him in silence.

"Villain!" resumed the other, "I have no better word to give you;—draw, and satisfy the justice that demands blood for blood; or let me complete my duty in my death!"

"Death!" responded Mr. Freeman, "does not his presence appal you?—Is death so nigh?—Know you not, that behind him stands the regions of eternity!—Everlasting day, and everlasting night comprehends those regions, and 'a great gulf divides!'—Would men but think of these, there would be no duellists."

"Coward!" exclaimed the revengeful Mountain, "What thoughts possessed you when you attempted to seduce

my sister, and when you pierced the heart of her husband? I will not be mocked by your religious cant.—You are a soldier!—let the name of coward rouse you, or, I will hunt you through the world!—In vain shall you fly from that ignominious title!—No distance shall impede, no time shall efface my hatred and revenge!—Defend yourself!”

“ I will *not* fight you!” said Mr. Freeman.

“ You will not?—Look you, I have come far for this.—I will not return unsatisfied! Prepare then to expiate your crime by submitting to honour.” Saying thus, he instantly drew his sword, and Mr. Freeman, unconscious of the act, unsheathed his likewise.—“ Now, for justice, or for death!” exulted Mountain.

“ Stop !” exclaimed Mr. Freeman, “ what am I about?—I swear by the duty that I owe my God ! I will not fight ! Hear me but speak !—All men are subject to error.—I offended, and I have atoned by every means in my power.—Your sister is happy !—her child secure from ill !—Your brother—”

“ My brother’s blood cries vengeance !” exclaimed Mountain, and rushed impetuously on the object of his revenge.

To be passive now would have been a vice, Mr. Freeman retired a few paces, gained a firm position, and stood solely on the defensive. Ineffectual was the violence of Mountain. He seemed to exhaust himself in vain, till, at length, his sword was struck into the air, and spun to some distance behind him. He sprung to it, and seizing it, again re-



newed the assault with renovated fury, while revenge, unsatiated, glared from his eye. Thrust, after thrust was parried off, till at last, collecting all his hopes and force, he darted out a full lunge, when Mr. Freeman caught his arm ere he could recover, disarmed him by the hand, and both the weapons remained in the possession of the conqueror. "Rejoice ! rejoice O generous brother ! yet, misguided man !" exclaimed Mr. Freeman, "The disposer of life has spared you ; he has reserved you for a happier state, than that which awaits the ensanguined soul of an expiring duellist."

"Indeed, you are no coward," said Mountain. "Perhaps I have transgressed the law of Honour, by returning to the charge after being disarmed ; pardon me that.—My intentions are frustrated. Twice has my life been in your

power, and twice have you withheld your advantage. To think of further revenge, would indicate a savage nature; and I am no savage. You have behaved nobly here:—a pattern, indeed, of Honour. I wish I could regard you as a friend;—but never can I press the hand in amity that slew my brother.—Keep that sword as a memento of your gallantry.—I will praise it wherever I go.—If ever we should meet again, we shall be strangers.—Farewel.”

“And farewel too!—my best wishes attend you through life.—I should rejoice to be your friend.—Indulge me, however, in one favour.—Accept this letter which, before, you refused to open; and when you are at a distance from me, read it. It is the simple truth, and though we be strangers here, I shall hope to dwell with you hereafter, in perfect brotherhood.”

"I will read it," replied Mr. Mountain, "and, once more farewell!" He then hastened whence he came, while Mr. Freeman returned to his home.

In the evening, the friends met, when he related the whole of the incident. Each rejoiced that the danger had passed, and his fair partner, while she embraced him, laughed and cried alternately.

"Ah, Julia!" said Mr. Barclay, "what an emblem art thou now of human life.—Laughter and tears divide thee!"

Again the Hall resumed its harmony.  
—The Philosopher renewed his lectures.  
—The minstrel, once more, attuned her harp, and, while she sung of life beyond the grave, her hearers, as they listened

to her strains, wished for that day, when every evil would cease, and when perfect joy would begin.



PRINTED BY JAMES CUNDEE, IVY-LANE,  
Paternoster-Row.

# SELECT MODERN CLASSICS,

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN,

NOW PUBLISHING IN PERIODICAL NUMBERS,

Comprehending faithful and Original Translations of the  
most esteemed Productions of

GERMAN,

FRENCH, AND ITALIAN AUTHORS,

*With a Critical Account of their Lives,*

Accompanied by NOTES, Historical and Biographical.

THE TRANSLATIONS WILL BE RENDERED BY SEVERAL  
EMINENT LITERARY CHARACTERS IN THE  
RESPECTIVE LANGUAGES.

*The Classical Productions of the following distinguished Authors will be given, among others, in the course of the Work;*

Zimmermann; St. Pierre; Gessner; Genlis; Marmontel;  
La Fontaine; Goethe; Klopstock; Lavater; Buffon; Cellert;  
Haller; Rollin; Florian; Fenelon; Montaigne; Fontenelle;  
Sturm; Schiller; Garve; Wieland; Lessing; Barthelemy;  
&c. &c. &c.

## PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

I. The Select Modern Classics is printed with a new type  
cast for the purpose, in an elegant style.

II. The Work is regularly published once a Fortnight.

III. There are two editions; each Number of the first  
will contain the proof impression of a Portrait, or highly  
finished historical Engraving, and Five sheets of foolscap  
vo. not-pressed, price 1s. 6d. The common edition, generally  
consisting of 96 Pages of small 12mo. with similar  
embellishments, will be sold for 1s. each Number.

IV. The First Number commencing with Zimmermann on  
Solitude, was published on the First of December, 1804,  
and the succeeding Numbers regularly at the periods before  
noted.

The First Ten Numbers comprize Zimmermann's  
Popular Essay on Solitude; enriched with Ten fine Engravings,  
forming two handsome Volumes in small Octavo, price  
16s. boards.—There is also a neat Pocket Edition in two  
Volumes, with the same number of Plates, price 10s.  
boards.

Sold by JAMES CUNDEE, at the Albion Press, in Ivy  
Lane, Paternoster Row, and WILLIAMS and SMITH, Stationers' Court.

45

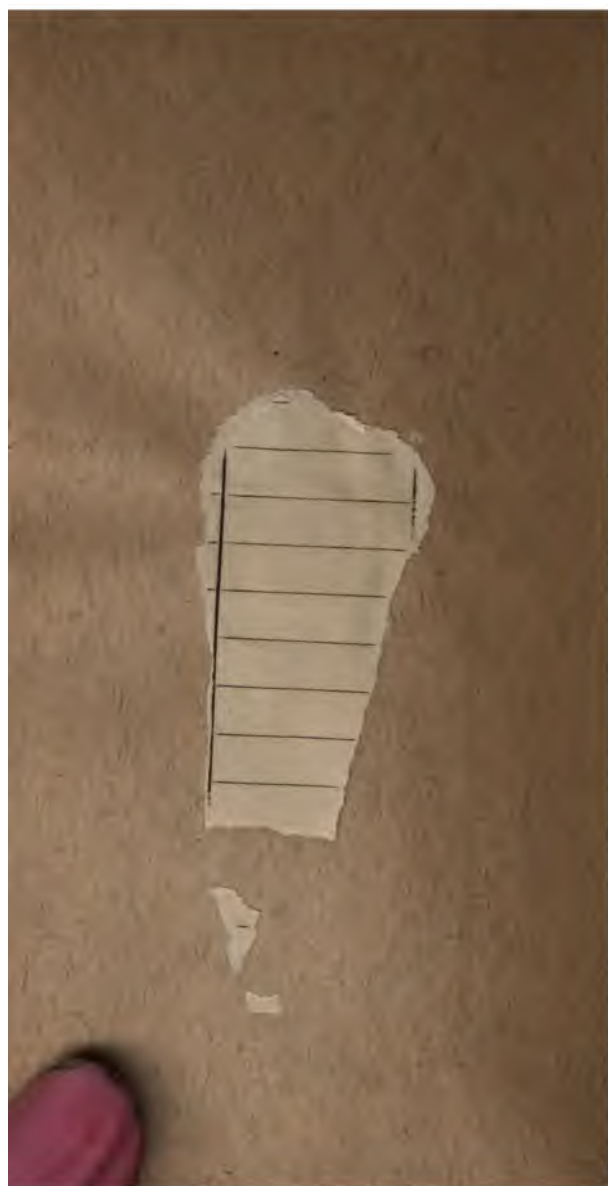
14. 4. 24.



1







DEC 21 1926